"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."- -Macauley

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

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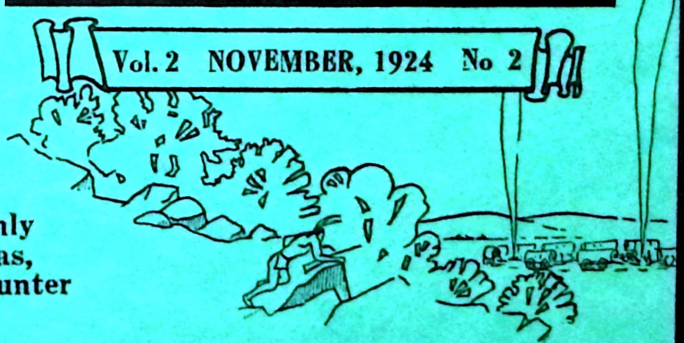

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to explain a few matters of importance about these facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 2 NOVEMBER, 1924. $1.50 Per Year

Gerome W. Shield, the Fearless Sheriff

From Fortieth Anniversity Edition, San Angelo Standard.

The popular conception that the early west was populated to a considerable degree by "bad men" rowdies and tough characters in general is all wrong.

Gerome W. Shield, resident of Tom Green county since 1883, hide and animal inspector from 1888 to 1892, sheriff for four straight terms ending in 1900, and always a cowman comes to the defense of the old-timers, if any defense be needed.

"There never was a biggerhearted set of men," said Mr. Shield. 'Maybe be a bit rough in their talk and their idea of a good time not what it is today, but most of them were quiet, respected decent men and were honest. When they told you anything you could depend on it. Their word was their bond. Boys in from the ranches those days didn't swagger around with guns on, whoop and yell and shoot up the town like you'd think, judging by the way shows are put on now during old-timers' parades. The men who settled their fusses with six-shooters were not many. The bully who showed his gun generally was easily handled.

Curbing cattle thieves both while hide and animal inspector and while sheriff and running down the men who in June 1898 held up the Santa Fe passenger train at Coleman Junction were some of Mr. Shields achievements while in public office. His friends say that during his eight years as sheriff he never failed to get a man for whom he had a warrant, although some were fugitives for seperal years. Mr. Shield is believed to be oldest living ex-sheriff of Tom Green county.

Born in Panola County, Mississippi, March 22, 1864 and now 62 years old, Mr. Shield and one brother, Walter F. Shield, who lives at McAlister, Okla., are the only survivors of a family of five boys and four girls. George was the youngest of the boys. He came to Texas in 1869, the family settling in Hunt county, then moving in 1874 to Trickham, Coleman county. It was from there that Mr. Shield came to Tom Green county June 3, 1884. He worked first on the William Hewit ranch on Live Oak creek, now in Coke which a brother, Lee Shield, later purchased. Lee Shield sold his interest in 1886 and Rome Shield remained on that ranch until 1888 when he was elected hide and animal inspector and moved to San Angelo.

Mr. Shield's books show that during the four years he was hide and animal inspector he inspected an average of 50,000 head of live stock annually. The fee was 3c per head. Every animal that was moved out of the country or was butchered was inspected, and the amount of work required is shown by the fact that Tom Green county then comprising what are now Coke, Sterling, Irion and Reagan counties. Mr. Shield was elected sheriff and tax collector in 1888, polling approximately 1700 votes to his opponent's 162. He succeeded the late J. Willis Johnson, Sr., and was thereafter re-elected three times never having opposition.

It was on Friday night early in June, 1898, that the Santa Fe passenger train was held up at Coleman Junction. The day before, Ed Dozier, ex-sheriff of Concho county, telephoned Mr. Shield that he had seen four men traveling east and if there was any trouble reported it could be atributed to them. The men rode a dun horse, a grey and two bays. By this description of the mounts, Mr. Shield knew who the quartet was. About ten o'clock that night he received a phone message that the Santa Fe had been held up at Coleman Junction and was asked to go there. Instead, Mr. Shield phoned Perry McConnell, Sutton county sheriff at Sonora, and asked him to work toward San Angelo to meet him in an effort to intercept the robbers.

The men who held up the train were Bill Taylor, his brother, Jeff Taylor, Pearce Keeton, and Bud Newman. All lived in the Sonora and Junction country and operated along Devil's River and the Llano. But for R. E. Buchanan, of Fort

Worth, then live stock agent for the Santa Fe and now general livestock agent for that road, the robbery might have been successful. But when the train stopped longer than usual at the switch leading onto the north end of the "Y" opening onto then the main line to San Angelo, Mr. Buchanan investigated and learned it was a holdup. Dropping from the rear coach and resting his gun on the side of the car, he opened fire.

The robbers had ordered Engineer Jim Stanton and Fireman Lee Johnson out of the cab and had started with them back to the rear of the express car to detach the baggage and mail and express car from the passenger coaches and run that part of the train some distance up the track. In the exchange of shots Lee Johnson was mortally wounded, dying the next day in a hospital in Temple. Keeton was shot in the right leg and Bud Newman's right elbow was shattered by a bullet. Sustaining these casualties the would-be robbers fled on horseback.

So badly was Keeton wounded that the broken bone of his leg protruded through the flesh, but despite this he rode almost 140 miles to a sheep camp on the head of the North Llano river, the four fugitives swimming their horses across the Colorado river when it was bank full.

Accompanied by the late D. R. Hodges, then a deputy sheriff, Mr. Shield rode to Sonora and was in that town by daylight. There they were joined by Sheriff McConnell and deputy Henry Decker. Heading out on fresh horses the officers rode all day and did not let up when a heavy rain began to fall. About 10 o'clock Sunday morning they reached a sheep camp, located in a draw, and rushed it. Bud Newman ran for the brush, but a bullet from Rome Shield's gun splintered a picket over his head as he started through a fence, caused him to turn back and surrender. Bill Taylor was not in te camp

In the trail of three of the robbers Newman turned state's evidence, was acquitted and began search for Bill Taylor, for whom a reward was offered. Taylor was captured and lodged in jail at Coleman, but made his escape. A second time he was run down and again made his getaway. Then he and Newman met one day on a ranch below Sonora and in the duel that ensued Newman was killed, Taylor becoming a fugitive in Mexico. The other members of the gang were convicted in trials at Coleman and were given life sentences in the penitentiary. Keeton was afterwards pardoned.

Young Man Falls Victim to Indian Cruelty

By A. J. Sowell, in San Antonio Light.

Among the early settlers in Frio county was Major Allen, who lived near Old Frio Town, on the east side of the river. At the time of which we write, May 6, 1873, his nephew, Ranse Brown, was on a visit to the Allen ranch. Brown was from Lockhart, Caldwell county.

On the morning of the date mentioned, Ranse Brown in company with his cousin, Billy Allen, went out about six miles north, up the Frio river, but several miles east of it, to look after some horses. Maj. Allen told his son not to go out without his pistol loaded, but the boy said there were no Indians around and that he did not have time to load his pistol. Our readers will remember that pistols in those days were of the cap-and-ball type and took some time to load. Powder had to be poured into each chamber, balls placed and rammed down, and caps put on the six tubes. Young Brown had his pistol [illegible] loaded.

Upon arriving in what was called the range of the horses the two young men began to look for them but soon discovered a band of Indians in about 100 yards of them riding up out of a draw among some low bushes. The boys at once wheeled their horses and ran and the Indians came after them, one of the redskin in the lead having a single-barreled pistol which carried a large ball. He soon came close to Brown, who was in the rear, and, loading the pistol, fired at him, breaking his back. The ball struck the small of the back just above the cantle of the saddle. He fell from his horse to the ground, and Billy, who was only a few yards in the lead, reigned up his horse with the intention of trying to get his cousin remounted, but Ranse said

'No my back is broken. Save yourself."

Young Allen then turned his horse loose at full speed and made his escape

and gave the alarm. Fourteen men soon collected ton follow the Indians,

Among the party were Demps Forrest, one of his brothers, the two Gildea brothers, Bud and Gus; James Crosson, Billy Allen, Ed Massey, Lee Garner, Rufe Ridley, Lee Tremble and Bill Daugherty.

The men went on the run and soon arrived at the scene, James Crosson and Gus Gildea being in the lead, first dismounted at the body of Brown. He was on his back and stripped of all his clothing, except his undershirt which was very bloody. Twelve wounds were on the body—two arrows in the left eye, one arrow in the throat, one arrow in the breast, one below the right nipple in the ribs and a lance wound under the shoulder blade. The last was a large wound and part of the lungs had been dragged out by the lance when it was withdrawn. There were six bullet wounds, one large and five small ones, the latter evidently having been done with Brown's pistol. He had shot one of the Indians supposed to be the one who shot him. Close by was a pool of blood on the ground where the Indian had fallen, and about 200 yards from this place an Indian had been buried and prickly pears piled up over the grave. The bloody undershirt of Brown was taken off by Gus Gildea and buried under a huisache bush.

The Indians were followed but made their escape, although the boys sighted them at a distance, traveling ripidly, Night put an end to the pursuit and the men returned to the body of Brown, one man having been left with it. The body was tied on a horse and carried back after night. It was washed and laid out on Major Allen's gallery, on planks laid across carpenter's saw horses. Gus Gildea and others sat up during the night with the body, and it was constantly dripping blood from the wounds.

The evening after burying young Brown, eight men started out to survey land in Bill Daughtery's pasture, Mr. Jewell being the surveyor. On Tuesday 40 Indians came into Frio Town, having passed down the country by Blackaller's and Louis Oge's ranches, and before they got into town they attacked a little ranch where the Germans lived. Mrs. Graham took an infant in one arm and led a boy seven years old by the hand and went to town half a mile distant. The Indians shot arrows at her and pinned the baby to her side, killing it but not badly wounding the mother. The Indians evidently did not know the town was there, for they ran into it while in pursuit of Mrs. Graham. Old man Billy Massey was run onto and killed by an Indian who jerked him up in front of his horse and held him there until he had scalped his head and face, the beard being long and thick. The hair of his head being long and gray. After this was done the body was thrown back on the ground. There were but few men in town and they commenced firing on the Indians, who retreated to the graveyard on a hill and there dismounted to fight. having some of their number killed and wounded by the fire from the settlers. There were not men enough to attack their position and the Indians finally left, going west. On Wednesday they were followed as far as the Leona river, but they made their escape. These were strange Indians and did not know the country. They were Mescalero Apaches.

At Indian Bend the surveyors were run into and great excitement prevailed for a few minutes. The Indians first came upon Gus Gildea some distance from camp and ran him in and he fired several shots at them. Some of the men were under the river bank fishing, and Lee Trimble ascended a scaffold when he heard the Indians coming and Gildea giving the alarm of "Indians", but just as they dashed up within a few yards and Gildea was dismounting and Mr. Jewell was snapping at the Indians, Thimble fell off the scaffold without firing and the Indians dashed on and were out of sight before the men under the bluff could get up to where their guns were. Trimble said that he attempted to turn so as to aim his gun better and fell backwards.

At the Todas Santos ranch, on the creek of the same name, the Indians rode between the house and cow pen while some women were in the pen milking. But the women hid among the cattle and the Indians did not see them, although they looked over the fence. When the Indians passed the women called to John Pranglin, who was near, and he shot several times at the Indians, but the latter made no halt, keeping on out of the country. This was early in the morning and occurred 40 miles from where the Indians had ran into the surveyors. The women in the cow pen were Mrs. Julia McKinney and her daughter, Independence, who was the wife of George Daughtery.

Over the Goodnight and Loving Trail

Annie Dver Nunn in The Dearborn Independent.

It was a strange funeral procession, that which followed the Goodnight and Loving trail in 1867 from Fort Sumner, New Mexico, to Weatherford, Texas, a distance of 700 miles. Oliver Loving, the first to find an outlet for Texas cattle, had made his last long drive; and the western frontier with its trackless wildernesses and featureless wastes of prairie would know him no more.

The casket, in which lay the remains of this great pionneer, was carried in a wagon drawn by a mule team. Nine cowboys on horseback rode in front of the wagon and nine behind; these were followed by the chuck wagon and remuda. This escort was the Goodnight and Loving outfit which had delivered 2,500 head of steers into Colorado and now were homeward bound. The sad journey was singularly peaceful; not an Indian was seen during the whole time.

The first trail over which Texas cattle were driven to northern markets was blazed by Mr. Loving in 1859. Beginning in Palo Pinto County, Texas, it extended through the western cross timbers, on through Northwestern Texas and into Colorado as far as Denver.

During the Civil War, Mr. Loving ceased to drive his cattle north, but resumed in 1866. His cattle, during the war, were sold to the Confederates, but they never paid the $150,000 due to him.

In regard to conditions at the close of the Civil War, Emerson Hough says:

"The Civil War stopped almost all plans to market the range cattle, and the close of the war found the vast grazing lands of Texas fairly covered with millions of cattle which had no actual value. They were sorted and branded and herded after a fashon, but neither they nor their increase could be converted into anything but more cattle. The demand for a market became imperative."

In 1866 Charlie Goodnight, afterward one of the leading cow men of Texas, finding himself with plenty of cattle but no money, determined to push out to northern markets. Oliver Loving declared the project impossible. The Comanches and Kiowas, fierce nomadic tribes were prowling through the western country. Loving pointed out that no trail herd could escape them. Of this Goodnight failed to be convinced, and in the end Loving decided to go with him, taking a herd of his own.

In New Mexico and Colorado there were no cattle. A man was fortunate to be able to rent a milch cow for $5.00 a month. At Fort Sumner, New Mexico, the government was needed. Goodnight and Loving proposed to supply it.

In 1866 they surveyed the Goodnight and Loving trail, perhaps the most famous of all the old cow trails. It began in Young County, Texas, and extended southwest to the Pecos River; here it turned northwest, following the course of the river four hundred miles to Fort Sumner and beyond. It then crossed the divide between the Platt and the Arkansas rivers seventy-five miles east of Denver. It ended at the mouth of Crow Creek.

The first part of the trail down to the Pecos was through good country with plenty of grass and water, but along the Pecos it was bleak and forbidding. There was little grass and the only semblance of tree life was the wild mesquite. In speaking of this country Colonel Goodnight recently said. "The Pecos country was the most desolate I had ever explored The river was full of fish, but besides the fish there was scarcely a living thing, not even birds and coyotes." The country was again good along the upper Pecos and in Colorado.

Such was the trail over which Loving made his last drive. The events of this drive deserve a prominent place in the history of West Texas.

Loving and Goodnight had now entered partnership—an ideal one, since Loving knew the trail and its ways, and Goodnight knew men and cattle. Both were men of high honor and courage. Loving was fifty-five years old; Goodnight thirty-five.

It was in June, 1867. The outfit consisted of twenty-five hundred head of steers and eighteen men. From the first the Indians were a constant menace. They attacked the outfit at the fork of the Brazos River, sampeding the herd and wounding one of the men. On the lower Pecos they again attacked and succeeded in getting away with three hundred and sixty head. An unsuccessful attempt was made to recover them.

The outfit had gone one hundred and fifty miles up tee Pecos when Mr. Loving having seen no further signs of Indians, decided to take one of the men and ride on ahead to secure the government contract for furnishing beef to New Mexico, which was to be let at Santa Fe. His partner did his best to dissuade him from this perilous venture, for two lone men would have little chance against the Indians, who might surprise them at any time. But Loving was determined. He asked Bill Wilson, a trailsman, who having but a few head of cattle attached them to the large herd, to go with him. Wilson agreed. Loving could not have selected a better man, for Wilson was a brave and genial man.

BILL WILSON,
Known as One-Armed Bill Wilson, who was with Oliver Loving at the time Loving was wounded. Bill Wilson gave the editor of Frontier Times an account of this fight which coincides with the story here given.. Mr. Wilson was in San Antonio in 1920. He died in 1922.

Promising Goodnight that they would travel entirely by night, resting and hiding in the daytime, they set forth. They rode good horses and each man was armed with two pistols and a rifle. They had traveled but two nights when they grew weary of these arrangments, especially as there were no signs of Indians; so, throwing caution to the winds, they continued the journey by daylight.

They had immediate cause to regret this decision, however, for on the afternoon of the first day they saw a large band of Indians loitering across the plain to the south of them, apparently shooting prairie dogs. The white men left the trail and dashed toward the breaks of the river, their only hope of protection. Even as they started the savages gave pursuit. A mad race followed but the white men reached the river first. They tied their horses to some bushes and ran behind a sand dune on the bank of the river and into a spot which offered good protection. They had barely done so when about six hundred Comanches swarmed into the breaks.

A small arroya had cut a notch eight or ten feet from the edge of the water to the sand dune, the men were safe from the arrows of the redskins. There was only one direction from which they could be reached and that was from across the river; but their guns kept this space clear They were further fortified by a bend of the river above them and one below them. The Indians, perceiving that they could not reach the men without imminent danger to themselves, asked for a parley, and the men decided to grant it. It was arranged that Wilson, who could understand the Indians, should go out and talk to them while Loving stood guard to keep any who might be lurking in the brush on the river's bank from shooting his comrade in the back. The two men were several yards from their hiding place when Wilson thought he heard the snapping of a twig.

"There's an Indian in that brush now," he warned.

"No, there isn't," Loving replied. "You are just scared." As he said this he started toward the bushes. Across his left arm he had a holster with two pistols which he had been carrying over his saddle horn.

The main body of Indians was about 150 yards away at the foot of the sand dune. Wilson kept a keen eye on the bushes which Loving was approaching; for he knew that if there was a demonstration from that direction, the other Indians would charge. Loving had gone about twenty yards when an Indian rose from behind the bush and leveled his gun at Loving. Wilson's shot shattered the silence simultaneously with that of the Indian. The Indian droped behind the bush and Loving staggered toward Wilson.

"I'm killed," he gasped. "Take my gun and do the best you can with it."

At that moment Wilson saw the In-

dians from the foot of the hill charging them. He emptied his own gun on them; then seized Loving's and emptied it. The savages were repulsed and the white men again got to cover.

As Wilson lay beside Loving waiting teasely for anything that might happen, he observed a slight movement of some tall weeds a few feet away. He knew that an Indian was creeping through them, parting them with his lance as he advanced. The Indian came nearer and nearer. He was about to poke his head from the weeds, when a huge rattlesnake roused up right in front of him.

The reptile gave a loud warning and then glided off in the opposite direction which was toward Wilson. To his unspeakable horror it came to his side and quite chumily coiled itself. His life now hung by a thread. If he fired at the Indian, who, he knew, was even now leveling his gun at him, the noise would cause the snake to strike; but Wilson feared the snake less than he did the Indian, so he remained perfectly still. The Indian crept off from the uncanny scene, evidently frightened by the performance of the snake, for this was the sort of thing which aroused the superstition of the old-time redskins. Wilson remained rigidly still and presently the snake glided into the bushes.

About dark the Indians led the horses away, and with them went all the provisions possessed by the trailmen. Night came on and their perilous vigil continued. What must have been Loving's thoughts in those terrible hours, as he lay facing death, separated from his friends by hundreds of miles

Believing that he could not last till morning, he insisted on Wilson's trying to escape before it was too late. Wilson decided to make the attempt.

"Tell Goodnight to get word to my family, telling them how and where I died," said Loving. "If I can, I will keep the Indians off until he gets here; but if I see that they are about to take me, I will commit suicide to escape their torture."

Wilson consented. When the moon went down, shortly after midnight, he divested himself of all of his clothes except his undergarments and slipped into the river. Across his shoulder was one of Loving's guns, the only one in their outfit that fired a metallic cartridge. Loving had forced this gun upon him knowing that the others would not shoot after being in the water, and his only hope was to swim down the river, but he was so handicaped with the gun that he almost drowned. Seeing that it was impossible to carry it any farther, Wilson left it sticking in the sand under the water where the Indians would not be apt to find it.

A hundred yards down stream he knew that he was surrounded by them, but they had not discovered his presence. One sat on horseback in the middle of the stream, splashing his foot in the water. So absorbed was he in this play that he did not see the white man, who, a few feet from him, was drifting by in the shadow of the smartweeds which drooped over the edge of the bank.

Farther down stream Wilson left the river and set out across country in the direction of the herd. The sandy soil seemed barren of growth save that of every variety of sand bur. These brought exquisite torture to the barefooted traveler. There followed a never-to-be-forgotten march of three days. Faint from hunger, going hours without water, for at times he was far from the curving river, he truged on in the blistering heat of a July sun, which parched the bur-strewn sand beneath his bleeding feet. The second day he found the end of a tepee pole and this he used as a cane.

By the third night he was almost exhausted, and barely able to drag one lacerated foot after the other. To add to his discouraging situation, a pack of wolves began to follow him. He was afraid to sleep because of them. Their skulking forms were ever near, and all of Wilson's efforts to drive them away proved unavailable. No better idea of his plight can be gained than from his own words: "I would give out, just like a horse, lie down and drop off to sleep. When I woke up the wolves would be all around me, snapping and snarling. I would then take the tepee pole and drive them away, but when I resumed my journey they would drop in behind me. I kep this up until daylight, when they left me."

He struggled on until noon, when he reached a hill which he felt sure the herd of cattle would pass. Barely able to move he crept into a sort of cave which had been whipped out by the play of the wind. In this he was protected from the burning sun. In a few hours he herd arrived, and Wilson staggered out of the cave. "He was the most terrible object I ever saw," Colonel Goodnight relates. "His underwear was stained with mud, his tongue

was swollen by thirst, his eyes were wild and bloodshot; and every step he took he left blood in the track."

Goodnight made immediate preparations to go to Loving's rescue. With six good men, mounted on the best trail horses he set out. All that night it rained torrents and it was so dark at times that the party was forced to halt until a streak of lightning would momentarily light the way. At four o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the place where Wilson said that he and Loving had left the trail.

On a mesquite bush close at hand was a small piece of paper pinned to a thorn. This was recognized as a leaf from Loving's notebook which he always carried in his saddlebag. On it was a drawing —a bit of Indian cynicism—of an Indian and a white man shaking hands. Oddly enough, the white man was wearing a silk hat, a thing at that time unknown in West Texas.

About two hundred yards north of the trail the party discovered the tracks of Loving and Wilson; whereupon they dashed across the prairie toward the river. The silent hills gave no clue to what had occurred. It was evident, however, that the Indians had been gone but a short time, for the bank of the river was still wet in places where they had climbd out of the stream. It looked as if they had not found Loving

One afternoon, two weeks later, when the Goodnight and Loving herd was within seventy-five miles of Fort Sumner, Goodnight was riding ahead to see whether there were Indians in the vicinity whn he saw a man riding towards him. Believing him to be an Indian, he maneuvered around a hill, keeping out of his sight , and came up behind him. Then he recognized him as a white man named Burleson, who had a herd just behind.

Goodnight informed him of Loving's death.

"Why, Loving is not dead!" Burleson replied. "He is at Fort Sumner, recovering from his wounds. He sent word to you to leave the herd and come to him."

All that night the faithful friend rode toward Fort Sumner and arrived there the next morning, making the distance of seventy-five miles in fourteen hours. He found Loving walking about with his arm in a sling and feeling confident of recovery. But his friend was apprehensive after examining his wounds.

The next morning after Wilson's departure, Loving discovered that he was much better. The wound in his side, which he had thought fatal, was not really serious. Meantime the Indians continued to deluge the ravine with arrows and stones, none of which reached him. They dug tunnels through the sand dune to within five feet of where he lay; but they dared not put their heads over the bank to get an accurate shot at him. Repeated attempts were made to reach him from across the river, but after losing two of their men, they desisted. Two days and nights they kept him in the ravine. Then he escaped by way of the river,

Since the herd had had ample time to arrive and had not done so (this delay was due to the outfit's having halted to rest the cattle), Loving decided it had been captured by the Indians. So instead of going down the river to meet the cattle he went up it to a crossing in te faint hope that some passer-by might find him. He reached the crossing two miles up stream. Here a clump of chinaberries grew; and under these he lay, ill and exhausted. His water-soaked gun would not shoot; otherwise he could have killed some birds for food. Many long hours passed with Loving growing constantly weaker; and with no cessation of his intense pain. The only way he could get water to drink was by dipping his handkerchief, which he had tied to a stick, into the stream two feet below. Three days and nights went by in this manner, when at last his indomitable courage failed him, and he was overcome by a heavy stupor.

At noon the third day he was aroused by someone standing over him. When he became thoroughly awake he saw that the newcomer was a white boy. He was a German traveling from Fort Sumner with three Mexicans. He had come upon Loving while looking for firewood.

Loving was taken to the covered wagon, where the Mexicans fed him corn-meal gruel. For $250 Loving hired the men to return with him to Fort Sumner.

When they were fifty miles from that place, they met Burleson, who was riding out for news of his herd. Upon being informed of the situation, he rode back to town as fast as his horse could carry him, sending the government ambulance and doctor to take care of the sick man. Loving lived for some days after reaching Fort Sumner: but the care his wounds received was not of the best and blood-poisoning resulted."So passed as good a man as ever lived," in the words of Bill Wilson.

Some Early Coleman County History

Old Timer, in the Coleman Times.

W. W. (Bill) Hunter, now living in Santa Anna, is one of the last survivors of the sixties in Coleman county, at which time there were but few people who had ventured this far west. There were a few families living near Camp Colorado, the Government army post, which was first established in 1857 as a temporary encampment on the Colorado River. The troops remained there only a short time and moved to Jim Ned where a fort was built. The walls were of adobe and lumber for flooring and shingles for covering were hauled from the East in wagons drawn by oxen.

Mr. Hunter attended the first reunion of the Coleman County Pioneers' Association held in Coleman County on July 4, 1924. He was 74 years of age April 11, 1924. His wife, formerly Miss Fiveash, has lived in the county since 1865, when she, at the age of eight years, came with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Fiveash, and settlled on Mukewater Creek in the southwestern portion of the county.

Mr. Hunter was ten years of age when he arrived at Camp Colorado in 1860 with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Malcom Hunter. The Hunters left McNary county, Tennessee in 1856, staying four years in Grayson county before moving on toward the setting sun. Malcom Hunter became the first County Judge of Coleman county before permanent organization, serving under appointment of Governor E. J. Davis, while Coleman was attached to Brown county for judicial purposes. He later served as judge under the permanent orginization in 1876. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Malcom Hunter are buried in what is now Eureka church yard, on Mud Creek, in the eastern part of Coleman county. Malcom Hunter died in 1871, his death being indirectly due to a lance wound received in a skirmish with Indians on Dove Creek in 1868. The wound healed but he never fully recovered from it.

Mr. Hunter says he is not very apt at remembering dates, but he remembers that the Jim Ned country during the six ties was, to all appearances, a paradise, with wild game abounding in every direction. There was little underbrush in the valleys and along the streams at the time the county was one vast expanse of hillock. Buffalo, deer, antelope, and turkeys were everywhere. Among the early settlers around the old fort were R. C. (Cuffy) Morgan and F. M. Alexander whose occupation was to hunt wild game for the soldiers' meat ration. Mr. Alexander in later years became night police in the town of Coleman.

Buffalo Branch, in the eastern part of Coleman county, was so named because of the herds of buffalo that ranged there and Bee Branch was so named because of the wild honey always found there. Mr. Hunter says he has sat in one place and killed as many as sixteen buffalo.

Among the early settlers in and around the army post on Jim Ned during the early sixties and who later became permanent citizens, Mr. Hunter calls to mind L. D. Saint Claire, Dudley Johnson and family, Mr. Chrismas, John Sheem, Rev. H. M. Childress, Methodist minister; Johnnie Rhoads, the Clayton family, L. D. Greaves, R. C. (Cuffy) Morgan and family F. M. Alexander, Joe Byers, (a bachelor), Pete Callan and J. J. (Baldy) Callan.

Cuff Morgan had charge of the wagon trains that freighted material and supplies from San Antonio to the army post on Jim Ned.

L. D. Greaves came with the troops as guide and was later sheriff of the county.

J. J. (Baldy) Callan was in charge of the commissary at that army post and later captained a company of Rangers.

Jesse and Dudley Johnson, Jr. served the army post as fifer and drummer.

Joe Byers, a bachelor, lived with Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Johnson and served the army as a guide. He was killed by the Kickapoo Indians in the historic Dove Creek fight. He was scalped and his head severed from his body and placed on a pole.

Jeff Morgan, as Mr. Hunter remembers, was the first white child born in Coleman county. James Callan, now living at Menard, was perhaps the second white child born in the county.

Luke Williamson, later county clerk of Coleman county, married Annie Johnson. Peter Callan, first postmaster at the town of Coleman, married Jennie Johnson. Captain J. M. Elkins, yet living on the Jim Ned, not far from the old army post, married Emma Johnson. They were

daughters of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Johnson, one of the first families of Coleman county.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hunter were married in 1871. Mr. Henry Sackett of Camp Colorado, next friend of the groom, was an attendant at the wedding.

Mrs. Hunter, as a girl, remembers seeing as many as 150 hostile Indians in a bunch. She remembers the incident of 1870 when Indians made a raid in the Mukewater settlement and killed Jacob Dofflemier.

Mr. Hunter remembers distinctly the Indian raid in August, 1873, which occurred on Sand Creek, about ten miles east of the present town of Santa Anna, in which Mrs. Williams and baby were killed and her nine-year-old daughter carried away by the Indians. Mr. Hunter was on the scene a short time afterward. Assisted by Bill Adams of Brown county, he got 32 men together and followed the Indians to the headwaters of the Brazos River. The rescuing party suffered greatly from heat and lack of water and food. Captain J. M. Elkins and other members of the rescuing party found the body of the girl wrapped in a piece of buffalo hide and suspended from a mesquite tree on the headwaters of the Brazos.

Twenty men from the Jim Ned ssettlement were picked up by Major Totten in his drive on the Kickapoo Indians in the West in 1865. W. W. Hunter's brother, Warren Hunter, and a brother-in-law joined Totten's command of 400 men and took part in the Dove Creek battle in the winter of 1865. Snow was on the ground and the Indians were rendezvoused in wigwams in a dense thicket on Dove Creek. It was an ill-timed charge by Totten's men, as Mr. Hunter remembers the incident told him by his brother. Sixteen of Totten's men were killed in the thicket and the Indians held the camp.

Mukewater settlement, in the southeastern part of Coleman county, started up during the sixties and became one of the early trading posts of the country. Enoch Fiveash, his wife and several children were among the first settlers. Bill Franks started a store, the building being hewn out of native logs. Franks carried groceries and whiskey in stock and was a jovial fellow, always playing tricks on the settlers who came into his store. He kept bottles of whiskey and bottles of water side by side on his shelves and often fooled the wayfarers and settlers who dropped into his trading post. When Franks was not fooling some fellow with his whiskey and water trick he was jollying him in some other fashon—and the place became known as Trick'em. When application was made to the department for a postoffice, the name of Trickem was submitted and the department adopted the sugestion, except that the name was changed to Trickham.

John Chisolm moved cattle up the west Chisolm trail and frequently stoped his herd and bought refreshments at Frank's store. He later returned to Trick'em and bought Frank's business, which he conducted until the early seventies—May 1871—when L. L. Shield moved into the community and took over the Chisolm business. Mr. Shield later built the rock store which gave Trickham distinction during the early days. The brown walls of the old store are still standing.

As Mr. Hunter remembers the United States troops abandoned Camp Colorado as an army post later in 1862, when the Confederate troops and the Texas Rangers moved in—and the transfer was accompanied by considerable confusion. Maj. E. Kirby Smith, who was in command of the U. S. troops at Camp Colorado, was a Southern man but he refused to transfer the fort and equipment toi the Confederate troops and Rangers without full and specified authority. Malcom Hunter made several trips back and forth to San Antonio before proper orders were effected, and then it was necessary to transport much of the ordnance and equipment overland to effect the transfer. Col. J. E. McCord's Regiment, two companies of Totten's Battalion of Texas Rangers and Captain J. J. Callan with a company of Texas Rangers occupied the fort at various times until the close of the war. The post was not revived after the war and Fort Concho was then established. The present home of Mr. and Mrs. Sackett near Jim Ned Creek, was built of some of the stones taken from the walls of old Camp Colorado.

Orders for back numbers of Frontier Times continue to come to us, but we cannot fill them. Our supply of back numbers has been exhausted. All subscriptions to Frontier Times must begin with current number.

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The Story of Egg-Nog Branch

Henry C. Fuller, in Houston Chronicle.

Two miles east of the historic town of Nacogdoches, at the foot of two sloping sand hills, the road that leads from Nacogdoches to San Augustine crosses a little branch, rises apparently in the pine woods a short distance away, flows across the road and disappears among the undergrowth on the opposite side, later crossing another public road, and finally a mile or so away, mingling with the waters of the La Nuna Creek.

This little branch has been famous in its day and time, although the romance and interest that once belonged to it has faded with the years until only a lingering shadow, a memory remains. In days of auld lang syne, when men loooked upon the wine when it was red, and when the Old Stone Fort was in flower, so to speak, this little branch was noted far and wide as the first stopping place out of town, on the way home. It was the place where energetic hands reached into old fashion saddlebags, brought forth a bottle, poured a small quanity of ingredients into a cup, mixed it with water and tossed it down the throat at a single quaff. Or mayhap, if the drink was not alcohol, the travelers would take a drink all around from a milder form of tonic, and follow this by kneeling and drinking from the little branch, or stepping a short distance to one side and sipping from a clear and bubbling spring, that is no doubt there until this day and hour. If the pine trees, or the sweet gum trees, or any of the trees now standing sentinel at the crossing of the road at this little branch could each tell a story it would no doubt be full of interest, well mixed with romance, pathos and perhaps a goodly sprinkling of tragedy.

The Fredonian Rebellion, as it was called, took place in 1824. Hayden Edwards and his brother, Benjamin Edwards, had been given grants to a large area of unsettled lands in the Nacogdoches area by the Spanish government, and subsequently confirmed by the Mexican government, when Mexico became independent, for the settlement of several hundred families. In those days the American population of Nacogdoches was small Mexicans predominated. Mexicans dominated the courts and alcaldes, equivalent to our justice of the peace, were under the influence of the Mexicans. American settlers in locating claims came constantly into conflict with Mexican claimants, the Mexicans usually waiting until the American squatter had built his house and cleared a small field, before appearing upon the scene and claiming that the American was on the identical piece of land upon which he had previously filed.

When the case or cases—there were scores of them—were taken to court, they were invaribly decided in favor of the Mexicans. This very thing is what led to the Fredonian rebellion. Seeing he could get no redress nor protection for his settlers, and that his contract would fail because of his inability to carry it out, Hayden Edwards, the empresario, made a direct appeal to Blanco, the head official at Monclova, and laid the situation before him. But a previous report had reached Blanco that Edwards and his friends had taken an undue interest in a certain election that had been held at Nacogdoches, in an effort to defeat the Mexican candidate and elect the American candidate. This irritated Blanco and without waiting to investigate the matter he promptly ordered Hayden Edwards and Benjamin Edwards to get out of the colony—to leave Nacogdoches at once and not come back, on pain of being dealt with in a harsher way, should they persist in annoying the Mexican authorities.

Hayden Edwards had spent quite a sum of money on his enterprise of bringing settlers to the Nacogdoches country and so after discussing the situation with his brother, Benjamin Edwards, Martin Palmer, Richard Fields and a few other choice spirits, he decided to defy the Mexican government and set up a government of free Americans at Nacogdoches, being assured in advance, of course, that all the Americans and most of the Indians in the eastern part of the province would espouse his cause.

The Republic of Fredonia was organized at a spring a few miles west of the town of Nacogdoches, on the Bradley Road. The writer has spent considerable time trying to locate the spring where the Fredonian Republic was set up, and where, under the trees in the solitudes,

Hayden Edwards and his friends met the Indians in council and made a treaty with them, by the terms of which the Indians were to have all the lands west of a line crossing the province of Texas from where Sulphur River runs into Red River, not so very far from the present town of Texarkana, in Miller county, Arkansas, southwest to the Rio Grande, while the white people were to have all the lands on the opposite side of this line. The Fredonian Declaration of Independence was written and duly signed.

All plans of Edwards and his friends were making good progress, and perhaps all might have gone well, but for two things.

Ellis P. Bean who was acting as agent for the Mexican government, and who lived at Mound Prairie, not far from where the town of Alto, in Cherokee County, is situated, went to the Indians in that part of the county, and persuaded them to have nothing to do with the scheme. Even the Indians who had at first agreed to the plan of Edwards withdrew, and he found himself with only a few score Americans as his backers and confederates. About this time a runner reached Nacogdoches with news that a Mexican army was rapidly advancing and only a few miles distant. A general retreat was ordered, and when the Mexicans reached Nacogdoches most of the population had left the town. Quite a sprinkling remained, however, and through the representations and good offices of Bean, who had accompanied the Mexicans, the Americans were handled leniently, and after spending a few months in Nacogdoches the Mexican army withdrew.

When the Mexicans had withdrawn the refugees returned from the east side of the Sabine,and legend says they reached the little branch on Christmas Day, 1825, where in honor of the reurn of peace and safety and glad they were getting back home, they made a great eggnog, and gave to the little stream the name Eggnog Branch, a name that it has held 100 years. The name promises to remain a monument to the memory of the historic days of a historic period.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FRONTIER.

My husband James William Taylor, called "Tie" Taylor because he could tie a Spanish knot so securely, was born in Dallas county, Texas, in June, 1834. In 1872 he joined the Texas Rangers at Belknap, on the Brazos river, and served continuously until the Indians were driven out. His first captain was Willis Hunter, his next was Rufus Perry, and his third was Captain Nichols. One of the first battles he was in with the Indians was at Salt Creek in Young county. The next one was when the Russell family was massacred by Indians. At that time the Rangers were stationed at the old log school house in the edge of the Cross Timbers, and I, on my mare, "Fleetfoot," carried the news of this massacre to Dripping Springs to the Rangers. I also carried a dispatch to old Uncle Billie Hayes in Springtown, Parker county, where the Rangers were stationed, a distance of ten miles, and I was pursued by five Indians, but Fleetfoot and I beat them to Springtown, and there the Rangers took up the chase and killed three of the Indians.

Fleetfoot could detect the presence of Indians immediately, and would prick up her ears and become very restless. One day, in company with Mrs. Blake and her two little children, we set out to go from Dripping Springs to Uncle Billy West's in Cooke county. Mrs. Blake was riding a little cow pony. At a certain point on the road Fleetfoot suddenly became excited and showed by her actions that Indians were close, and I had to whip Mrs. Blake's pony to make him keep up. After a race of some distance we reached our destination and Mrs. Blake fainted.

Another time my father, Uncle Billy West, and I were out after some horses for a round-up, and seeing smoke arising from a thicket, we went up and peered in and found an old Indian roasting a skunk. Father captured the Indian and took him home where he kept him until the next day ,and then rode with him out ten miles and turned him loose with his face set toward the frontier.

Mr. Taylor was in the battle at Rock Creek, Young county, in which Charlie Rivers was killed by an Indian arrow.

The Indians captured the Davis boys near their home in Parker county. That same afternoon, they killed Wes Higgins' boy on his way home from school, scalped him and cut him in two and left him in the road. The Indians took the Davis boys to a reservation in Kansas and kept them three years, and finally traded them to Mr. Davis for some ponies.

I would be glad to hear from any of the old timers—Mrs. Lula Taylor, General Delivery, Canadian, Texas.

An Early Day Hanging on the Frontier

T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas.

On June 13, 1868, just after breakfast a foot-traveller by the name of Thomas Bird passed our home on Bear Creek in Parker county, Texas, and asked me the distance to Weatherford, and I informed him that it was twenty miles. I remember distinctly the way he was dressed. Late that afternoon in the southern part of Weatherford while resting on the side of the road, he was shot by a negro by the name of Joe Williams. Parties heard the shot, and coming along the road they found Joe in the act of robbing the man. Joe escaped in the brush. Later on in the trial Joe claimed that he first shot at a bird and that the man disputed his word and kicked him, whereupon Joe shot him as he claimed, in self-defense. Evidence however, showed that Joe fired but one shot and nearby parties heard only one shot.

A reward was offered for Joe, and a negro by the name of Jeff Eddleman knew that Joe was fond of singing and he thought he would capitalize this liking, capture Joe, and obtain the reward. Late one afternoon he got some negro women to sit out in his back yard and sing some old negro songs. Jeff went into his cabin and took a position so that his gun would have command of the back yard through a hole in the wall of his cabin. True to form, Joe did appear from the brush within a short while and when Jeff tried to arrest him, Joe attempted to run and Jeff shot at him, the shot striking Joe in the arm near the elbow. Joe then left town, escaped to the brush, went south to Spring Creek, stole a large iron grey mare from Captain Bob Blackwell and went east, taking the old Buchanan road. The officers went in pursuit and captured Joe about twenty-five miles southeast of Weatherford, returned the mare to Captain Blackwell and placed Joe in the Weatherford jail. Dr. Millikin dressed Joe's arm and it was almost well when he was hung.

The trial came up in November before Judge Norton. He was prosecuted by the prosecuting attorney, who was assisted by Col. Joe Rushing of Weatherford whom the people had employed to assist in the prosecution. The court appointed young George Clark to defend Joe. Mr. Clark afterwards moved to Waco and became one of the leading lawyers of Texas and was a candidate for Governor against Jim Hogg in 1892.

The trial came off in the next term of court. The jury was out thirty minutes and returned a verdict of "guilty". On November 14, 1868, Joe was sentenced to be hung on December 18, 1868. The writer and the rest of Parker county attended the hanging. It occurred about two miles west of town. The gallows was crude but effective. The sheriff, Wes Hedrick, had had two green poles, each terminating in a fork, cut and sunk into the ground securely. Between the forks a green pole some ten inches in diameter was laid. This rude gallows was erected in a valley surrounded by nearby hills and the crowd on horseback was like a cloud.

Joe was brought out of jail and made to sit on the box of his own coffin in a two horse wagon. A strong guard formed a hollow square around him and he was driven to the place of execution. He was permitted to deliver a speech and he stood on one end of his coffin box which was practically even with the rear end of the wagon. In his speech he complained of the treatment of the sheriff and the burden of the last part of his talk was condensed in the warning: "You niggers be keerful; watch whar you am gwine." After his speech the sheriff placed the black cap over his face, adjusted the noose, the driver hit the team a sharp blow that jerked the wagon from under Joe, and he was left dangling in the air. I remember distinctly that the rope stretched to such an extent that his feet came within two feet of the ground.

Tom Ledbetter, who lived south of Weatherford several miles on the Brazos watershed, was one of the guards and was pretty full of Bourbon whiskey by the time Joe was brought out of the jail. When Joe was brought to the upper landing, Ledbetter attempted to shoot him and very loudly proclaimed his intention of ending Joe's existence there and then. The sheriff, Wes Hedrick, and friends quieted him, and he was warned that he might be in the jail before night. This proved to a prophecy.

On returning from the hanging, the writer, nearly eleven years old, was riding a big white horse by the name of Fox,

that would run away at the least excitement. On the return to town the men commenced yelling and shooting off their pistols. Fox proved true to this tradition and "burned" the road between the place of the hanging and Weatherford. I know I ran over one man on horseback, knocked horse and rider out of the road and finally succeeded in checking Fox after he had reached the public square and took one turn around it. About this time Tom Ledbetter had returned from the hanging but still under the fiery influence of the fiery liquid. He was riding a beautiful grey pony that was a very fast runner. On the west side of the square near the middle, he got into a dispute with Clay or (Clabe) Williams about the prowess of his grey pony. I heard the row, rode up near and witnessed the whole affair. A yoke of stters hitched to an old wagon with a wooden tongue was standing near. Tom boasted of the many virtues of his pony and finally asserted that he could make his pony jump across the wooden wagon tongue between the steers and he wagon and never touch the steers and the wagon and never touch came out with a deadly insult:- "You are a damn liar." Tom jerked his pistol, wheeled his pony around and Williams started running up a flight of four or five steps into a store. By the time he was going up the steps Tom had gotten his pony in proper position, fired two times at Williams and hit him in the hips for flesh wounds. Tom immediately wheeled his pony and started towards South Main street which leads from the middle of the square due south out of Weatherford. In 1868 there was a concrete building immediately on the right coming out from town. Just as Tom went around the concrete building into South Main he encountered a Federal officer and a troop of four or five soldiers who had just returned that day from old Buchanan. The officer had a long beard and was wearing the hated blue. Tom had his smoking pistol in his right hand and just as he turned the corner he saw the hated blue and just as he passed the officer he fired point-blank at him. Fortunately the ball went under the officer's chin almost touching his Adam's apple, but it plowed a furrow through his whiskers. Tom spurred the little grey pony into a fast run down the middle of South Main, and was a block away by the time I had come around from the west side of the square to witness the chase. Tom kept to the middle of the road. While the soldiers, horses were tired from their long ride from old Buchanan, the men used their guns with powerful effect. While Tom could have darted into the brush within a quarter of a mile of the public square and escaped, he disdained this method and with sublime faith in the little grey pony he kept on in the middle of the road. While the little grey pony outran the horses they did not outrun the bullets from the soldiers' guns. The pony was shot in the hips, and they overtook and captured Tom and I saw them bring him back afoot while a soldier led the little horse whose hips were covered with blood. Before sundown, Tom Ledbetter was placed in the same jail out of which the negro Joe Williams was taken a few hours before.

Tom Ledbetter gave bond, placed sufficient number of cattle in the hands of his bondsmen to pay his bond and left for the West. The next spring I saw him while I was herding cattle on the north Bear Creek. He came to the herd and got dinner and I remember distinctly that in going through the brush he had torn a triangular piece out of the back of his shirt and it flapped down exposing his flesh to the sun and it was almost blistered. This was in early herding season of 1869.

Clay Williams recovered in a short while and my recollection is that the matter simply died away without coming to trial.

For a boy eleven years old the three events: the hanging of the negro, the shooting of Clay Williams, and the shooting at the Union officer and the wounding of the beautiful grey pony, made an indelible impression on my mind. I remember this: I hung that negro every night for over a month in my dreams, and even to this day I sympathize with that little grey pony.

I am indebted to Mr. N. H. Eddleman of Weatherford and Mr. John N. Frazier of Poolville for aid in preparation of this sketch.

Notice to Publishers.

Permission is given to weekly newspaper publishers of Texas to reprint any articles appearing in this magazine only on condition that due credit be given by adding the line, "From Frontier Times. Bandera, Texas." We kindly ask that our fellow publishers observe this, in order to help Frontier Times that much.

Thrilling Tales by Taylor Thompson

By Taylor Thompson.

Taylor Thompson, now deceased, was a well known printer, newspaper man, ranger, and Confederate soldier. His series of articles, dealing with his experiences on the frontier, which will appear in this Magazine, will be found very interesting.

While serving in the Texas Rangers a number of incidents came under my observation which was little thought of at that time, but which taxed the endurance of the man or men, as well as the horses they rode, to the utmost. I was astonished then, and I have often wondered since at the endurance of the common Texas cow pony on which the rangers were usually mounted. I have known a number of cases in which a man rode 100 miles between sun and sun on a common grass-fed Texas pony, and nothing particular was thought of such an achievement. On one occasion, with a detachment of twenty-six men, I was scouting to the north of the town of Bandera, in a reigon of country then wholly unsettled. The Medina river has its source 40 miles above Bandera, and the vicinity of the head of the river was a rendezvous for the Comanche Indians who were wont to gather there in large bodies, and then dividing up into smaller parties make raids into the country south and southwest, and after raiding different sections and stealing what horses they could gather up the different parties returning from their foray would usually get together before reaching the rendezvous.

On the occasion referred to I had divided the detachment into squads of five or six men, and we were scouting over a wide section of country, with the hope of either falling in with raiding parties of Indians or following the trails of parties who had already passed going south. The different squads of men were instructed to meet at a certain date at a point in the Nueces canyon, about thirty miles from Uvalde. On the afternoon before the date fixed for the meeting two squads of the detachment, numbering twelve men, had fallen in with each other early in the day, and had struck a fresh Indian trail going south, the Indians evidently intending to pass to the west of the Hondo creek, and after going down through the several settlements turned to the right and returned through the country west of Uvalde.

About four o'clock that afternoon my party was about six miles east of the appointed place of meeting in the Nueces canyon, and I conceived the idea of sending a courier to the meeting place in order to warn the different squads who would meet there the next day to stay together and atempt to intercept the pary of Indians we were following as they returned from the lower country.

It was rather a dangerous trip for one man to make, because he would have to travel in the night. As the Indians usually traveled in the night, when the moon was about its full, the courier was liable to fall in with another raiding party of Indians at almost any time. I always felt a delicacy in selecting a man for such a trip, and on this occasion, as I was riding the best horse in my party, I decided to go myself.

Accordingly, leaving my squad under the command of Corporal Rodriguez, with instructions to follow the trail for two days, and if they did not overtake the Indians to leave the trail and come to the rendezvous in the Nueces canyon, I left the party just as the sun was setting and started to the west. I had already ridden at least forty miles that day, and it was about sixty miles to the point of rendezvous, my route lying through a rough and broken country, wholly unsettled. My horse was fresh shod, and I had no doubt of reaching the rendezvous by daylight the following morning, provided I did not fall in with another party of the enemy or met with no other interruption.

I had proceded about twenty miles without incident, and had just crossed the bed of a small creek margined by trees on either side, and was about to emerge from the timber on the west side into an open prairie, when I heard a sound of horses' feet. Drawing rein in the shade of the trees, I saw passing in front of me three or four hundred yards away, a party of eight or ten Indians going south.

The moon shown brightly, and the Indians and their ponies were plainly discernable. Waiting until they were out of sight, I proceeded on my way.

I knew that I had to cross another small stream fifteen or twenty miles further on, and I also knew that by the time I reached that stream any Indians that might be traveling through the country would have stopped three or four hours before daylight to allow their horses to graze, and that they would select a stopping place well covered with timber or brush.

It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when I reached the second stream, which ran through a sandy section of country, and there were no rocks in the bed of the stream, nor was there any water except what stood in pools. I crossed the stream and ascended the hill on the other side, into a dense growth of trees and underbrush, which rendered it very dark.

The night was quite chilly, and I had proceeded but a short distance when I suddenly came upon the embers of a smouldering fire. The moment I discovered the fire a number of human forms who were lying around the fire sprang to their feet and then gave a wild yell.

To say that I was scared scarcely express it. My hair fairly stood on end, would doubtless have raised the hat off my head but for the fact that it was a heavy Mexican sombrere and secured by a string which fastened under my chin. I fird one shot at them from a Sharp's rifle, and dashed away in the darkness. A number of Indians mounted and pursued me, yelling like so many demons, but the darkness favored me and I made good my escape.

Of course I had no idea how many Indians there were in the party, and I never knew whether my shot took effect on any of them.

I reached the rendezvous about sunrise the next morning and found there eight of the fourteen men whom I had ordered to assemble there, and the rest of them came in an hour or two later. I had ridden that horse at least 100 miles since sunrise the morning before, and to all appearances he could have gone twenty-five or thirty miles further.

After resting till about noon the entire party saddled up and moved fifteen or more miles to the west, and during the afternoon we saw several Indian signal smokes at different points, and we felt sure that several small parties of Indians would get together about nightfall, and if they did not see us they would doubtless go into camp at some point not far distant.

After night fall we dsicovered a fire and were confident that the enemy had gone into camp, no doubt feeling perfectly secure, as it was at least fifty miles to the nearest ranch.

We approached the camp fire as near as possible without being discovered. We plainly saw a herd of horses, probably about 100 in number, which were being herded by six or eight Indians, and we supposed the rest of the party were eating supper. Posting two experienced frontiersmen to watch the camp, the rest of us lay down to "woo tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

About an hour before day we mounted and approaching the herd of horses until one of the herders saw us and gave the alarm, by uttering a Comanche war whoop, we charged and stampeded the herd.

The Indians in camp had not unsaddled their horses, and they speedily appeared on the scene. I suppose there were thirty or forty of them, and there were fourteen men in our party. I had three men slightly wounded in the skirmish which ensued, and we found three dead Indians, though there were a number of them wounded.

We gathered up thirty or forty head of horses, and about ten o'clock that morning the squad of men under Corporal Rodriguez appeared on the scene. They had followed the trail of the Indians, and hence we knew that it was the same party, probably augmented by other parties, and we knew that my night's ride had not been in vain, but had produced good results.

Subscribers who fail to receive Frontier Times regularly should promptly notify this office. This magazine goes to press the fifteenth of the month with its issue for the succeeding month, and you should receive your copy not later than the first of the month.

Coleman H. Lyons, aged 83 years, died September 24, at Pleasanton, Texas, weere he had resided many years. Mr. Lyons was widely known and highly respected. He was a member of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

Killing of John Vaden at Ft. McKavett

John Warren Hunter, in San Angelo Standard, October 12, 1912.

In 1868 Texas was under military rule and Federal troops were stationed in nearly every town of any consequence in the State. The presence of these soldiers at a time when the animosities engendered by the Civil War were yet at white heat and the tyranny, coupled with the cupidity of Federal soldiers in command, embittered the people and many of the younger men, those whose youth prevented their going into the army, and who cherished an inherited hatred towards the Yankees, were led to enter upon a career of crime that usually resulted in an untimely end at the hand of violence.

The meanest negro, whose insolence had provoked the wrath of a white man, could hasten to a Federal commandant with his plaint, a squad of soldiers was sent out, the citizen arrested and confined in the stockade, and it soon became known that however well-to-do a man might be, if he ever entered one of these Federal stockades as a prisoner, he came out a poor man.

Besides the negro element there was a class of men who, under the cloak of loyalty to the Union during the war, neglected no opportunity to involve honest men in difficulties with the military authorities, and but for these men the civil officers could have enforced the law, preserved order, and there would have been no need for the intervention of the military arm of public service. It was one of this class—one Peacock—who succeeded in arraying the military authorities against Bob Lee of Collin county, a good citizen, a man who had served with merit and distinction in the Confederate army, and when General Lee surrendered, Bob accepted the situation, came home and entered upon the peaceful pursuits of civil life with the resolve to live blameless before all men. The same can be said of Cullen Baker of Bowie county, and hosts of others whose resentment against the wrongs heaped upon them by these so-called loyal Unionists and the petty officers and troops composing these garrisons over the country, that drove them to deeds of bloody retaliation. There are many living today who remember seeing at every crossroad in North Texas large posters announcing the offer of $1,000 reward for the apprehension, dead or alive, of Bob Lee, Cullen Baker and Ben Biggerstaff. All three of these men were killed and I suppose their slayers got the reward.

Billy Vaden, a righteous, God-fearing man, lived some twelve or fifteen miles north of Sulphur Springs, in Hopkins county. He had three or four sons, among whom was John Vaden. When John Vaden should have been in school he fell in with Ben Biggerstaff and became a member of the Biggerstaff gang. I do not recall the antecedents of this outlaw, nor do I know what provocation led him to declare uncompromising war against the Federal authorities in 1868, but at all events, he became a terror to the Federals and all peaceable citizens alike, but negroes and Yankees were the principal objects of his vengeance and many of these went down under his unerring aim.

A man living out in the country a few miles from Sulphur Springs had just cause to chastise an insolent negro; the latter hastened to town and reported the man to the commandant. Captain Tollman of the Sixth Cavalry with a troop of about twenty men held the post, and a detail of five men under a sergeant was sent to arrest the man who had whipped the nigger. Biggerstaff and Vaden got wind of the arrest, ambushed the party within half a mile of town, killing three or four of the soldiers and the negro and released the prisoner.

Two days after this, as an act of mere bravado, John Vaden, mounted on a little sorrel race mare, dashed through Sulphur Springs, passing within forty feet of the soldiers' barracks. Captain Tollman and his young wife were sitting on the front gallery of the Cotton hottel and as Vaden dashed by he fired at Tollman, missing his head by about one inch. Further down the street, and while under full speed, he fired the fatal shot that settled old Grimes, a noted negro about town, and before the Federals could collect their wits and give pursuit, John Vaden had vanished.

Lige Reynolds was raised at Sulphur Springs, and when the war came up he refused to renounce his allegiance to the Union. He left his wife and two little children and went to Mexico, and from thence to New Orleans, where he enlisted

in the First Texas Cavalry U. S. Volunteers, and was mustered out at San Antonio in 1866. From San Antonio he came home and setteld down on a place some five or six miles west of Sulphur Springs. Reynolds had occasion to go to town and while there he made a few purchases and set out on his return. That was the last ever seen of Lige Reynolds alive. Four days later searching parties found his body in the brush some distance from the main road. He had been murdered. His favorite dog that followed wherever he went had been shot and stretched across the body of his master.

Suspicion and circumstantial evidence pointed to the Biggerstaff gang but no real tangible clue was available and the matter rested. Biggerstaff was killed at Alvarado, Johnson county, shortly afterward and Vaden drifted west. Some years later he was arrested in San Angelo and taken to Sulphur Springs where he stood trial for one of the murders laid to his charge, and was acquited. Other cases pending against him were dismissed and he returned to Wset Texas.

I next met John Vaden at Menardville in the fall of 1884. He had married a Miss Jackson, who was of an excellent family, her father being James Jackson who lived on the San Saba below town. An election was being held and armed with a Winchester, John stood within a few feet of the polls threatening to shoot any Mexican who refused to vote his way, and before the polls closed I saw him kick out the glass windows of the courtroom, where the election was being held, just because the votes were not cast to suit him. A deputy sheriff and the county judge were present but no one there wanted to take the risk of being killed. John Vaden was known as being a bad man and men feared him.

Of course I knew John Varden on sight but kept my own counsel and as he did not recognize me, I took no occasion to renew his acquaintance. I had not forgotten Lige Reynolds and the suspicion resting on the Biggerstaff crowd of which Vaden was a member. Lige had befriended me in boyhood, he had befriended me in Mexico before he joined the Federal army and working in conjunction with his widow and her son and daughter, who were at this time living in Mason, I was on the alert to find some clue to the real murderer.

Two years later, November, 1886, a number of men gathered after nightfall at Sam Wallick's store in Fort McKavett to wait for the coming of the Menardville mail hack. Among the number was John Vaden, who at the time and some years prior to that date, lived in McKavett. John took a seat on the office stove, a box-shaped affair and began to relate some of his past experiences. Those who had known him most intimately noticed that on that occasion he was unusually loquacious. There were 11 men present; I counted them and before we adjourned at eleven o'clock I had taken the name of every man in the house. Vaden began by relating his experiences with the Mexicans while in the sheep business and the number he had killed. He reverted to the earlier years of his career and told of men he had killed in North Texas; of the raids and adventures and scoutings he had engaged in while with Ben Biggerstaff and others. He recounted his achievements on the race course and in the gambling houses and told of the unfair methods he employed to win success. And thus he regaled a group of earnest listeners until a late hour. He seemed not only boastful, but exultant, over the death of men whom he had slain and often exclaimed: "I thank my Christ that I did kill him!"

Observing his unusal communicativeness, I ventured to draw him out on the manner of Mr. Reynold's death by questioning him with regard to the shooting of the soldiers and the nigger just west of Sulphur Springs, the shooting at Capt. Tollman, the killing of old Grimes and others. He willingly related all the particulars and when I remarked, with assumed nonchalence: "Well, some of you fellows got off with that fellow Reynolds!" "I killed Lige Reynolds myself and I thank my Christ for it!" was his startling reply. "We fell in with him a few miles out of town. We took him off the road a short way into the brush and I shot him off his horse. I then got down to get the packages of goods he had let fall and his dog bit me right here, here is the scar," and he rolled up his pants and showed us a scar on the calf of his leg.

"Why did you fellows want to kill Reynolds? He always seemed like a harmless sort of a man," I asked.

"Because he was an infernal Yankee!" was the reply, and that reply secured for Mrs. Reynolds a pension that had been denied her for so many years.

Of the eleven men who were present that night and heard Vaden's confessions

and boastings, I can only recall the names of Sam Wallick, D. T. Priest, John Q. Adams, Cahrley Adams and Doc Word. I think Tom Ball and Tom Elliott were also present, but of this I am not sure.

After the crowd dispersed Mr. Priest, who had known Vaden since the latter's first advent into the country, said to Mr. Wallick: "John Vaden is going to kill somebody tomorrow, or else somebody will have to kill him. I know him better than any man in McKavett and you mark my words. He is in one of his dangerous moods."

In addition to his large stock and mercantile interests in McKavett, F. Mayer owned a saloon and Ben Daniels, a deputy sheriff under J. W. Mears, was his barkeeper. Vaden had operated a saloon in McKavett but had closed out. He and Daniels had always been on good terms and only the day previous Daniels had accepted an invitation to dinner at Vaden's house.

Early the next morning, following the gathering at Wallick's, Vaden entered the saloon and began to abuse Daniels. He set about to smash furniture and to create a rough house generally. He threw a billiard ball at Daniels, which barely missed his head and crashed into a large mirror behind the bar. Bystanders interfered and Vaden swore he would go home, only a few steps away, and get his gun. Charley Adams now living at Sonora, went with him and as they neared the house, Adams gave Mrs. Vaden the sign and she ran into the room and hid the gun. Failing to find the weapon, Vaden picked up a set of brass knucks and put them in his pocket saying something about what he would do to Daniels with these knucks. Meantime. Daniels had closed the saloon, buckled on his pistol and went into an old corral at the back of Mayer's store, where, in order to avoid Vaden, he remained until three o'clock that evening.

Finding the saloon closed and Daniels gone, Vaden next went into Wallick's store and picked up a long shaft or wooden handle to which was attached an iron hook used in that day by merchants to take down tinware from overhead. With this and without provocation he began to thrust a Mexican, who had called to get his mail, and to tear his clothes. The Mexican said something about such treatment whereupon Vaden flew into a rage [illegible] ould have killed the fellow but for the intervention of Sam Wallick and others. He next turned his attention to the horses hitched to the trees on the little square and it seemed to afford him great amusement thrusting and lacerating these poor animals just to see them jump, kick and surge against the halter. Groups of men were broken up, chased around and scattered with the same gusto and the same weapon. Brave fearless men there were in those groups, but they knew John Vaden and they did not care to kill him or take chances on being killed. It was his day off, and they let it go at that.

At about 3 o'clock in the evening, Vaden, after a brief respite, had resumed his antics with his hook and pole in front of Mayer's store where quite a crowd had assembled. He had the boys jumping sideways for Sunday, whn Ben Daniels came in view. Oblivious of what had been going on during the day Ben had remained in the old corral. Supposing that Vaden had quieted down, Ben ventured out with the intention of giving Mr. Mayer the keys to the saloon and to throw up the job of bartender. It was necessary for him to enter the store through the front door. and as he turned the corner of the building, coming round to the front, he found himself facing, and within twenty feet of Vaden who at once made a dash at him as if to prod him with the sharp iron on his pole. Daniels drew his pistol and told him to desist, but Vaden gave no heed to the order and continued to advance, Daniels giving back and repeating his warnings. Finally Daniels opened fire, four shots going wild. The fifth struck Vaden about the collar bone and produced almost instant death.

The killing of John Vaden created no excitement among the citizens. On the contrary, a deep sense of relief seemed to pervade every circle. Vaden was buried the day following the tragedy in McKavett cemetery. Besides his widow and two or three bright little children there were few if any mourners. He sleeps in an unmarked grave.

The grand jury investigated the killing of Vaden and refused to find a bill of indictment against Daniels. Sometime afterward, Daniels left the country and the last news I had of him he was in New Mexico doing well. Vaden's two sons grew up and I have been told that they are useful citizens and highly respected.

Anniversary of Fight at Buffalo Wallow

Friday, September 12, was the fiftieth anniversary of the Buffalo Wallow Indian Fight. The location of this little battle ground is in Hemphill county, between the Washita River and the Gageby Creek twenty-two miles South of Canadian and about the same distance east of Miami, Texas.

At this place September 12, 1874 two Government Scouts and four soldiers carrying dispatches from General Nelson A. Miles' Camp on McClellan Creek to Fort Supply, were surrounded and held for forty-eight hours by a band of One Hundred Twenty-Five Kiowa and Comanche Indians, fully armed and on the war path.

In the beginning of the fight all the men were wounded, and all except two were disabled.. One of the soldiers received a mortal wound from which he died the night after the attack.

The story of the fight is too well known to repeat in detail here. Several times during the past two years it has appeared in the Canadian Record.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the first day's siege a cold rain fell which proved the salvation of the beleagued party. The water that gathered in the Buffalo Wallow gave them something to drink, although it was mingled with their blood. It also discouraged the Indians and had a lot to do with them abandoning the attack.

Each one of the men who fought in the Buffalo Wallow fight and came out alive was presented with a Congressional Medal of Honor, which is the highest insignia of honour given the nation's heroes. Only eighty-six of these medals were given during the World War and only 1809 have been awarded since the foundation of the Republic. If for no other reason, this alone places the battle in a class of its own.

Much space in newspapers and magazines has been given the Adobe Walls Indian fight and the importance of perpetuating the memory of the noble conflict against savage Indians has been stressed, yet the Buffalo Wallow fight was made under more trying conditions and hardships and is an outstanding event in the history of the Indian Campaign in the Panhandle.

"Billy" Dixon, who fought at both the Adobe Walls fight and Buffalo Wallow, stated later that the Adobe Walls fight was play compared with Buffalo Wallow, and stated that he hoped someday the place would be marked.

Of the six men who took part in the Buffalo Wallow fight, only one, Amos Chapman, of Seiling, Oklahoma, is alive, his age being near 80.

In his last days telling of his experience at Buffalo Wallow, 'Billy Dixon said: "Every night the stars are shining away out there on the Washita and the winds sigh as mournfully as they did then, and I often wonder if a single settler who passes the spot knows how desperately six men once battled for their lives where is now plowed fields and saftey and comfort of civilization."—Olive K. Dixon.

Texas History in Texas Schools

In the history of Texas are blended romance and chivalry, patriotism and lofty courage, far-seeing statesmanship and an exalted conception of public duty

In short there is every element of history in the annals of Texas, which tend to inspire and instruct.

It is especially to be desired that there should never be allowed to be impressed upon the minds of any pupil in a Texas school the idea that he or she has any need to apologise for, or be ashamed of, the characters, personal qualities, or the measure of the ability of the men who established the republic out of which this imperial commonwealth eventuated.

Concerning those men there has long existed an entirely false impression and widespread misapprehension. They strove and fought and suffered to achieve as noble a work for the promotion of progress and Christian civilization as was ever wrought by human wisdom and valor, and the truth of history and justice to unselfish and patriotic men demand that such misconception as exists in the minds of many be not allowed to find lodgement in the mind of any pupil in a Texas common school, nor in that of any student in any Texas institution of higher learning.

The men who laid the foundation of Texas were not illiterate, rude and reckless adventurers and buccaneers, moved only by a desire to posess an attractive land and exploit it for gain.

The Taylor-Sutton Feud in Early Days

San Antonio Light. June 29, 1913.

Did you ever hear of Jim Taylor? Not any Jim Taylor, but the Jim Taylor who, although only 18 years of age, was conceded to be the quickest man with a gun that ever ranged the prairies between the Panhandle and the Gulf rounding up unbranded steers. Did you ever hear of the Taylor-Sutton feud, which for more than fifteen years tore DeWitt, Victoria and Calhoun counties? Of the unnumbered single combats and pitched battles to which it led? Of the shootings, the hanging and sudden deaths? And, finally, of the dramatic escape of the principal figures which moved through the stirring scenes of the feud? If not, it is safe to say that you have never visited Cuero, Victoria or Port Lavaca.

The feud started just after the close of the civil war, how, nobody remembers exactly. But then the cattle country was not fenced, the herds had increased during the four years of strife, and when their owners returned from the frontiers of war nearly one-half the cattle upon the ranges were unbranded. Naturally their division afforded any number of chances for dssagreement, and disagreement in those days was a dangerous thing.

In DeWitt county there was a family by the name of Taylor, and another by the name of Sutton. Both were in the cattle business and both employed a large number of cowboys. They were the first to fall out. Everything would probably would have blown over with only a few minor shooting affrays among cowpunchers had not some of the Suttons, or their irresponsible sympathizers, in revenge for some real or fancied wrong, determined to cast the balance upon the credit side of the book once for all. They loaded their sixshooters and one evening about dusk crept into the cornfield that lay just behind the Taylor homestead. They had brought a cowbell with them and as they crept among the corn they rang it appropriate intervals. An old man of about 60 the grandfather of the boys who afterwards were to become the actors in a real sanguinary drama of revenge, heard it and, thinking that the cows had gotten into the field, went down to drive them out. He was shot and killed, probably before those in ambush recognized the fact that he was the hoary-haired sire, and not their enemies themselves. But after the shooting DeWitt county was aflame. Every man who had not already taken sides promptly did so or was forced to now and the feud was on in earnest.

This happened when Jim Taylor, several years the junior of the other two brothers, Bill and Bob, was still a mere child. But the next fifteen years of his life was passed amid scenes of the utmost violence. The older inhabitants of Cuero will tell you that in the days just prior to 1875 not a week passed without its killing. Some will mention the pitched battle that occurred in the streets of the town immediately after the shooting of "Old Man" Taylor, the father of the three boys. Others, whose sympathies perhaps are still with the other side, will recall how a doctor by the name of Brazell, and his son, were haled from their beds one dark night by a mysterious party of horsemen, and were murdered in cold blood. Some still say they were shot; others that their bodies were found the next morning hanging from the limbs of a liveoak tree.

But for the names of those who perpetrated the deed they will one and all refer you to the Bexar county criminal records. They will tell you that three of the six had been condemned to hang, that happened to be denied, and that the scaffold—the scaffold that was used in the Bexar county jail until the time it was remodeled several years ago—had been built, when an exceedingly resourceful lawyer—and one who afterwards became governor of the state,—discovered that the indictment closed with the words "against the peace and dignity of the statute," whereas it should have read "against the peace and dignity of the state," and how, upon this technicality, all of the culprits got off scot free.

In those day Indianola was the chief port of Texas. The town does not exist today; it was wiped out in 1875 by a storm similar to the one that struck Galveston in 1900. One might wander along the coast between Alamo Beach and Port O'Connor—might pass and repass over the sand-strewn site of the prosperous seaport—and never know that it was once the shipping point for the

greatest cattle country in the world, that it had railroads and banks and warehouses and long piers where the curious old--fashioned side wheel steamers of the first Morgan line used to berth. But as it was the shipping point the Taylors and the Suttons were familiar figures upon the streets. It is said that every time they drove a herd of cattle down, as soon as Dan Sullivan,, who is now a well known banker of San Antonio, had made out the bills of lading, they would proceed to get drunk and shoot up the town in great style. Jim Taylor always accompanied his older brothers on these trips.

But, although before he was only 18 the boy had "killed his man" more than once, he was not of the rowdy type. Those who knew him describe him as mild-mannered, with a calm and thought ful expression but with steady, steel-grey "gimlet" eyes that seemed to bore their way into one's very mind. They say, too, that he had never forgiven the death of his father or of his grandfather, but that he seemed always to be nursing his revenge. And it was not long until his opportunity came.

In the latter part of 1874 the head of the Sutton family, a man of about 35, yielding to the importunities of a relative, whose name was Slaughter, decided to sell ont his interests in DeWitt county and to return to Georgia, which was originally his home. Everything had been arranged, the money paid, and the two men with their wives had made the journey from Cuero to Indianola in safety. Passage to New Orleans had been booked on the old side-wheeler St. Mary and the day of sailing had arrived. A few minutes before the boat was to leave the pier the party went aboard. The luggage had been taken up the gang plank, the men had handed the women from the main deck through the narrow passage into the salon. Those who were present say that the boat had cast off and that the two men were standing in the entrance to the passage through which the women had just disappeared, when three horsemen galloped down the pier, dropped their lines, sprang from their mounts and opened fire with their long barrelled Colts revolvers. Both Sutton and Slaughter fell mortally wounded, while Jim Taylor and the two men who were with him mounted their horses and rode out of town, stopping on the way, however at a saloon, where, over their drinks, they calmly told those assembled that the Taylor-Sutton feud was at an end.

Of the trio only Jim Taylor was captured. There were exciting times in Indianola when he was brought there and lodged in the county jail. Feeling ran high and once it was rumored that a train load of armed men were coming from Cureo to release the prisoner. The train did come, but when the posse descended the steps they found themselves looking down the barrels of a score of shotguns. People were getting tired of the "two-gun" men. Jim Taylor was sent to Galveston for safe keeping.

His trial was set for September and when it came up a special squad of the old Washington Guard of Galveston was detailed to take him back to guard him during the trial. They held the boy in the courthouse: they were afraid to keep him in jail. Some say that the defense had finished its argument, others that the jury had gone out and that the betting in the saloons of Indianola was 2 to 1 for the conviction of this young man who had taken the law into his own hands, when—

That morning the wind was blowing from the northwest. By noon it had increased to such fury that the waters of Matagorda bay were two feet deep in the main street of the city. By four in the afternoon some of the more poorly built shanties had collapsed and been swept away, and still the storm showed no signs of abating. All during the afternoon the guards stuck valiantly to their posts, and Jim Taylor sat quietly on his cot in the courtroom, listening to the elements without. At dusk the wind seemed to increase in violence. Dwellings and stores began to crumble: the waters rose and the courthouse itself seemed in imminent danger of falling about their ears before the men from Galveston left their charge to assist those who were struggling in the streets.

During the night of horror that followed, families were annihilated: homes and fortunes were swept away—a city was destroyed and during the storm Jim Taylor disappeared.

It was long thought that he was drowned along with the hundreds of others that perished, until, years afterwards, some who had known him before the storm saw him in San Antonio

Then again he disappeared. Many think that he is still alive, but where they do not venture to say.

The Sublime Faith of a Pioneer Preacher

Elder John S. Durst, who died at Junction, Texas, was truly a pioneer preacher. He was a son of the Texas patriot, Colonel John Durst of Nacogdoches, and was born in Texas 82 years ago. He died on Sunday, August 31st, 1924. A remarkable document, penned by him, was read at the grave, and we here give it:

"In view of approaching death, and while in my right mind, I write the following to be read for my burial service. Inasmuch as I have many friends in the various organizations of our section and out of them, besides the church of Christ of which I am a member

I wish my body to be placed in the grave where all who wish may have a part in the service; I therefore request that there be no public service except the reading of this, my last message, and except voluntarily talks desired to be made by anyone present.

"Here lies the body of John S. Durst. The living and real entity has returned to the God who gave it. I was a son of John and Harriet Durst, and was born in Nacogdoches, Texas, on the 20th day of October 1841. My wife and six children survive me. My father came to Texas from Kentucky when a small boy. My mother came to Texas when a small girl from Virginia. They married and settled in the town of Nacogdoches under the Mexican government in 1818. My father was later Alcalde of this town, and also Represenative to the Mexican Legislature at Monclova (which was then the capitol) When the war broke out that terminated at the battle of San Jacinto he hastened to his home to take part in the contest for an independent Texas, and was active as an officer in the army till the victory was won. My father's family and three others, later emigrated farther west to what is now known as Leon County, and were the only white settlers at that time in that section of the country and had the honor of naming it. Twelve children were born into the family. A brother, the only one now living, still lives on the old family homestead in Leon county. My father died in Galveston on January 8, 1851. My mother died at the old home in 1887. In 1864 I obeyed the gospel, and soon thereafter began my public career as preacher, and have been active in the work till cut down by the scythe of time. If I have been of any service to my fellow citizens, and to the cause of my Master, it has been no more than my duty, and in my humble way have fulfilled my mission. My fleshly nature has caused me to make mistakes, but I rejoice to know that while it "is human to err, it is divine to forgive." I was a student at old Baylor University at Independence, Texas, from 1856 to 1860, and at the conclusion of my senior year, I entered the war between the states and served as a captain till we went down as an overpowered South. I now leave you with no ill will to any one. I have been blessed beyond my deserts. I have tried to take care of the body in which I live, and have lived to a ripe old age. I have tried to enjoy the association of the meek and lowly, as well as those who enjoyed better opportunities, and to be one with all classes of the fortunate as well as the unfortunate I therefore leave you with the very best of feelings for every one. If I have been in any way helpful in pointing you to the Savior, and to the service we should render Him, my life's work has not been in vain and my prayer is that we may jointly enjoy his presence and blessings in the everlasting home of the redeemed. My faith in the Christ has grown stronger with the passing years, and I pass from you with the conscientiousness of having tried to advance what I conceived to be best for all. Amidst the frailties of the flesh I have not been faultless by any means. May the Good Lord blot them out! Throughout the long years of service in your midst I have labored to be a factor for good. If you have discovered faults in my life, I beg of you to bury them with this old body. If any one has had impressions of ill will toward me I beg of you to forget them and to look forward to the things we shall individually face at the bar of divine justice. I now bid you adieu till the meetng that will determine our eternal destiny.

"To my brethren and sisters in the church of Christ—to whom and for whom I have labored so long—the time has come that I have so often spoken to you about, that we must part as co-workers on earth. You will no doubt miss my place in your midst for a time, but then I'll soon be forgotten. I pray that another more ef-

ficient than I may carry on the work. What are you going to do? Who will ring your bell and call you to service? Who will now sweep your floors, serve your table, secure your preachers, and shoulder your various responsibilities as a free-will offering? Shall I predict that you will fail to find such a person? Yet, I have at times met the censure of some fault finder; perhaps I deserved, but I hope not. Shall the old Church of Christ at Junction now meet its death? I pray God you may bravely meet the issue.

"To my dear children whom I rocked in the arms of love throughout their childhood hours, and for whose happiness my heart has been burdened with anxious solicitude, and for whom I have so often gone to my Savior with petitions for blessings in their behalf, the time has come for you to fully realize that, aside from your mother, your best friend on earth, whose life has been linked with yours by a parental tie, has been severed forever on earth In the event your love for me has not grown cold, you will now miss my place in the old sweet home on earth. It would have been a happier departure for me had all of you been active members of the household of faith. May I very earnestly say as a last admonition that you must face a bar of divine justice and mercy. I leave an earnest prayer that God may guide you to His own sweet everlasting home wehre partings never come.. Take good care of your mother till she too leaves you by death. She is the one who bore you, and loves you better than any one on earth. Relieve her so much as you can of the cares of life, that her last days may be her best days.

"I now come to my own dear wife in this parting hour. Long have we traveled life's rugged road together, and have at last reached the parting. Forget, dear one, the crosses and unhappy things that occurred along the way. Amidst them all, when the clouds cleared away, we loved each other still. May our dear Father in heaven forgive and blot out all the unpleasant things of our married life and each of us be the recipient of his untold blessings. I leave you with a prayer to God in your behalf till He ealls you to come up higher, where the heartaches of this life come no more. Let your grief and loneliness turn to a sweet contemplation of a heavenly vision with its unending bliss. Be content with a simple shaft to mark my grave and yours. All our loved ones will soon follow, and time will eventually efface it and its surroundings. But thanks to our Father in Heaven for a prospective place in His sweet home that will defy the wreck of time's wasting hand across the river of death that has brought me to its crossing, and as I cross it, I send back to you, dear one, a loving farewell."

PUBLIC SALE IN 1849.

W. L. Dowd, Dierks, Ark., sends The Dallas Farm News a copy of a printed notice of a public sale of personal property that took place seventy-six years ago. Old-timers will call to mind the days of their childhood when negroes were chattels and whiskey and brandy were articles of common use in almost every household. Here is the notice:

Having sold my farm and am leaving for "Oregon Territory" by ox team, will offer on March 1, 1849, all of my personal property, to-wit: All ox teams except two teams, Buck and Ben and Tom and Jerry; two milch cows, one gray mare and colt, one pair of oxen and yoke, two ox carts, one iron plow with wood mole board, 800 feet of popular weather boards, 1,500 ten-foot fence rails, one sixty-gallon soap kettle, eighty-five sugar troughs made of white ash timber, ten gallons of maple syrup, two spinning wheels, thirty pounds of mutton tallow, one large loom made by Jerry Wilson, 300 hoop poles, 100 split hoops, 100 empty barrels, one thirty-two-gallon barrel of Johnson-Miller whiskey 7 years old, twenty gallons of maple brandy, one forty-gallon copper still, oak tan leather, one dozen reel hooks two handle hooks, three scythes and cradles, one dozen wooden pitchforks, one-half interest in tan yard, one powder horn, rifle made by Ben Miller, fifty gallons of soft soap, hams, bacon and lard, forty gallons of sorghum molasses, six head of fox hounds, all soft-mouthed except one.

At the same time I will sell my six negro slaves—two men 35 and 50 years old, two boys, mulatto wenches 40 and 30 years old. Will sell all together to same party as will not separate them.

Terms of sale, cash in hand, or note to draw 4 per cent interest with Bob McConnell as security.

My home is two miles south of Versailles, Ky., on McCoons ferry pike. Sale will begin at 8 a. m. Plenty to eat and drink. J. L. MOSS.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

Captain Man Darius Tackitt was born in Missouri in 1812. He was born on the frontier and what better inheritance could he have than that? Pioneer and border people are generally frank and friendly in manner, of simple habits and moderate desires, and of more than ordinary personal courage and honesty, and Captain Tackitt was the possessor of all these admirable qualities in a high degree, which made him the ideal frontiersman that he was. He married in Missouri Miss Emiline Wright. Shortly after which event, in 1837, he moved to Arkansas, which was then a frontier country. There six of his seven children were born. One was born in Texas later on.

In 1854 Captain Tackitt moved to Parker county, Texas, and settled about 12 miles north from Weatherford, in a howling wilderness of the first order, and where it was "dangerous to be safe.," as the old frontiersmen used to say. Whether Captain Tackitt was ever on a frontier prior to this time or not he was on one now, good and strong, with all the accessories. Here the Tackitt's lived for four years. In 1858 they moved to Brown's Creek in the southeast corner of Jack county, in the neighborhood where the counties of Jack, Wise, Palo Pinto and Parker corner. In this move the Tackitt's merely changed their place of abode, but not their relation to the frontier. At this last place they lived until October 26, 1863, and during the intervening years had raised a nice herd of stock horses and cattle.

A short time before Captain Tackitt moved to Texas, his brother, Rev. Pleasant Tackitt, had preceded him and settled in Collin county. On his journey Capt. Tackitt stayed a short time with his brother, then resuming his journey, landed in Parker county, as before stated. During this year, 1854, the Rev. Pleasant Tackitt moved to Parker county and settled near Veal's Station. In 1857, I think it was, he moved to Young county, where in January, 1860, he had a big fight with the Comanches, which I will later describe. Thus it will be seen that the Tackitts were pioneers in Texas, and in the counties of Parker, Jack and Young.

Early in 1861, at the beginning of the war between the states, the regiment of Colonel Henry E. McCulloch took possession of all United States forts along our frontier. The term of service of this regiment was ready to expire—they being twelve-months troops—and to meet the pressing emergency, on December 21, 1861, a law was passed calling into the state service, for special protection of our frontier, a regiment of men. These troops were to be stationed outside of the settlements at posts about 25 miles apart, on a direct line from a point on Red River in Montague county, to a point on the Rio Grande, and thence down that river to its mouth. This entire organization was to be made up of men already living in the counties to be protected. The intention was to have only hardy, brave men, who would be directly interested in giving good protection to their own homes and also to keep those who wished to avoid Confederate service from moving to that part of the state.

Among the very first who nobly responded to his country's call was Captain Tackitt, who, with a company of 40 men, faithfully patrolled the frontier, giving assurance and protection to the frontier people and their property.

The regiment raised for frontier protection was well officered by men of large frontier experience, good Indian fighters and brave soldiers. The first officers were James N. Norris of Coryell county, colonel; A. T. Obenchain of Parker county, lieutenant-colonel. Obenchain was killed by two of his men, Reck Stockton and Tude Whatley. McCord was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and J. B. Barry of Bosque county, (known as Buck Barry), was appointed major. Barry was quite distinguished as an experienced frontiersman and Indian fighter.

In February, 1863, in order to meet the requirements of the Confederate States army regulations, that each regiment should be composed of ten companies, the frontier regiment was disbanded and from the same material another regiment composed of ten companies was formed, known as the Mounted Regiment of Texas State Troops, but commonly called the Frontier Regiment. These troops were mustered into service for three years, or during the war. The regiment as reorganized was officered as follows: Colo-

nel, J. E. McCord; Lieutenant-Colonel, J. B. Barry; Major, W. J. Alexander. At the reorganization Col. James N. Norris retired and entered the Confederate service as a colonel and served with distinction in Arkansas and Missouri and died during the war.

Captain Tackitt's company, being supernumery, and he being over military age, retired from service and went home and resumed the business of ranchman, which business he followed until killed by the Indians on October 26th, 1863.

Scores of the old frontiersmen, the noblest and the best of the citizens of Texas, were content with such moderate worldly wealth as honest, manly efforts in legitimate channels could produce. They did not crave wealth, but a competency, and on the frontier in the early days it was difficult to acquire property, or rather to keep it after acquired, because the Indians could, with their covetous desires for other people's property, steal horses faster than the settlers could raise them. Many of our frontiersmen, after long lives of activity, intelligent industry and usefulness, passed away, leaving but little to their children, except the sweet heritage of a good name and the noble example of an honorable life.

Early in 1863 the Indians stole nearly all of Captain Tackitt's saddle and work horses. And early in the fall of this year these demons of the desert stole all of his stock horses, being about 25 head. On October 26, 1863, in the early afternoon, J. H. Tackitt went in a southwesterly direction from his home to hunt stock. Shortly afterwards Captain Tackitt went northward on the same mission. He had gone about a mile from home when he came in contact with a large body of Comanches, some 15 or 20. Being so greatly outnumbered, he turned back and started towards home. The horse he was riding was an old broken-down plow horse and of course the Indians gained on him from the very start and were evidently shooting arrows at him. Seeing that he could not escape by running, he dismounted at a large oak tree in order to protect himself as much as possible. He was now within a half mile of his home. The Indians shot about 200 arrows at him from all sides, some of them from quite a distance, as they were laying flat on the ground, others came with sufficient force to enter the ground and stand partly erect. Finally the Indians completely surrounded him so that the tree could afford him no protection. They were running around the tree and their helpless victim, drawing in the circle all the time. This was shown by the fact that the ground was badly torn up by the Indians' horses' feet for more than twenty feet all around the tree. Captain Tackitt had several minor wounds and two mortal ones. One arrow struck his right arm midway betwen the elbow and the point of the shoulder and entered his body about six inches, thus pinning his arm to his body and rendering it useless. There was a lance wound on the left side of the neck which penetrated his lungs and likely his heart. He was not scalped, for a wonder, but was stripped of clothing, except his underwear. His horse was lanced and after lingering between life and death many days finally died.

Captain Tackitt was armed with a double barreled gun, one side being a rifle and the other a shotgun, and a dragoon six-shooter. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Tackitt family heard eight shots, seven of them clear and distinct and one, the last one, much less distinct. Later on J. H. Tackitt came home and was told of the shots and told that the family feared that his father had been killed by the Indians At once he and a younger brother, Caleb, went in search of their father and went direct to him and found him dead as above described, his gun and pistol gone. The two boys returned home,, reported what they had seen, took a wagon and team and brought the body of their father home. J. H. Tackitt at once left for Veal's Station to have a coffin made and a grave dug. On the next morning after Captain Tackitt was killed several of the neighbors who had been notified, knowing that Captain Tackitt was well armed and that he had fired eight shots, felt sure that he must have badly wounded or killed one or more Indians. So they took the trail from where he was killed and after following it about a half mile, off to one side they saw a dead Indian and nearby small pools of blood, showing that others had been wounded. The dead Indian had been struck with three buckshot in the region of the left nipple and was instantly killed, his heart having been struck. One of the party placed a rope around the Indian's neck, mounted his horse, wrapped the rope around the horn of his saddle, and headed towards the Tackitt ranch. When they got to the

ranch, out near the cow pen they leaned him against a large postoak tree and at a respectable distance practiced shooting at him. Were those good citizens? They were.

About fifteen years after Captain Tackitt was killed his gun was found, the stock completely decayed and the barrel and locks ruined by rust.

On the 27th J. H. Tackitt returned home and at once loaded the household goods on wagons and took the family and Captain Tackitt's body to Veal's Station and buried him there, where the family lived until after the close of the war.

I said to J. H. Tackitt: "Joe, what became of the dead Indian?" "I don't know," he replied. "The last time I saw him he was still leaning against that tree."

J. H. Tackitt, who furnished me with this scrap of unwritten history, is the oldest son of Captain Tackitt and was born in 1839, and served three years in the Confederate army. He is a typical frontiersman and an ideal citizen, and although he is now in his 86th year "his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated," so to speak.

Shortly after Captain Tackitt was killed and the family moved to comparative safety, J. H. Tackitt joined the company of Captain Joshua Caldwell and was sworn into the Confederate service for three years, or during the war. The headquarters of this company was at Decatur, in Wise county.

In 1864 the frontier of Texas was divided into three districts, Northern, Central and Southern, and the district commanders were: Of the Northern district (Red River to Palo Pinto) Major Wm. Quails of Tarrant county; of the Central district (Palo Pinto to Lampasas) Major George B. Erath of McLennan county; of the Southern (from Lampasas to Lower Nueces and west to Lower Rio Grande) Major John Henry Brown.

The State of Texas exempted the frontier counties from conscription and organized all citizens in each district able to bear arms, for their defense, who scouted by companies by turns the whole of our frontier. In this year, 1864, the whole frontier defense was placed under the command of Brigadier General James W. Throckmorton, who was a state officer. In his district Major Quails organized all men subject to military duty into companies and was the immediate commander of all such organizations.

The Tonkaway Indians were removed with the other Indians from the lower reservation in 1859, and located at Fort Cobb in the Indian Territory. In 1864 the Comanches massacred the Tonkaways on their reservation, killing about half the tribe, including their chief, Placido. The fugitive remnant returned to Texas and settled on their old reservation on the Brazos. In order to use these Indians, a special scouting company was formed by Major Quails early in January, 1865, consisting of seventeen white men and forty-eight Tonkaway Indians—all the men that were left of the tribe. Of this company Wm. Mosley was captain and J. H. Tackitt was first lieutenant, in which capacity he served until the surrender.

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BIRTHDAY REUNION OF A TEXAS PIONEER.

C. V. Allen, in Dallas News.

Under the spreading branches of the trees at the park at Gann's Bridge on Leon River, Mrs. Issac Gann, with a host of her loved ones—children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren — celebrated her eightieth birthday, Sunday, September 7.

A joyous time was had, some of the relatives having been separated for many years. All seemed happy on account of the good health and contentment of Mrs. Gann. Although 80 years old her step is firm and her faculties well preserved. She insists that she is not old, but has "just been here a good while." She has a wonderful memory and as the shades of the trees lengthened in the afternoon she became reminiscent and recounted many interesting things incident to the early history of Hamilton County. She has been a resident of the county for sixty years, most of which time was spent at the old Isaac Gann home near Gann's Bridge. This spot was chosen for the reunion picnic by reason of its association in her mind with the events of her life. She and her husband, Isaac Gann, deceased, came to that county and settled near the scene of this picinc, with two small children, in 1864. She said that there were only small settlments on the rivers and streams, the settlers avoiding the prairies.

Soon after their arrival what is known in Texas history as the "Schoolhouse Massacre," occurred within a short distance of their home, the teacher, Miss Annie Whitney, being killed and one child taken away by the Indians. The screams of the children were heard at their home. Grandmother Gann now has as a relic one of the arrow spears taken from the dead body of Miss Whitney. She also has the stirrups of an Indian's saddle, captured by Mr. Gann and others.

She told of how on moonlight nights raids by Indians were dreaded, and how the horses were brought near the house and guarded; of how the men were compelled to go to Waco, eighty miles, in ox wagons for supplies and of how anxiously their return was awaited by the women and children; of what a happy event it was when a pioneer minister would come through the country wearing pistols for protection from the Indians, and hold services for the spiritually hungry settlers

Mr. Gann is the mother of seven children, four of whom are living, namely: George M. Gann, Mrs. Mary Arnold, Mrs. Mrs. J. H. Grogan and Mrs. H. H. Hoover. She has fifty grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. As the party broke up some of them expressed the hope that the grove of trees, sentinels of time, that echoed to the war-whoop of the marauding Indian and now echo to the honk of the automobile, might be the scene of many more such reunions before Grandmother Gann really grows old.

Indian Sign Language.

A white man who visits a foreign nation finds it hard and sometimes impossible, to make his most ordinary wants known. The red man has no such difficulty; the problem of a universal language were solved centuries ago by the savege inhabitants of this western world.

Should an Indian from northern Alaska go to Patagonia he could by means of this universal language converse with his southern brethern almost as easily as he could with his neighbors at home. That would also be the case if he visited Central America or met the tribesmen of our own western prairies and mountains.

When this language was invented no one knows, but every Indian learns it in addition to his own. Recently two chiefs of different tribes met in the Geographical Society rooms in Washington and held a conversation that lasted nearly three hours, and yet neither one knew a word of the other's language.

This universal language is of course made up of signs. For example, if an Indian is passing through a strange country and sees other Indians at a distance he makes the "peace sign," that is, he holds up his blanket by two corners so that it covers his whole figure. The same thought is expressed by extending the hands, palms outward, slightly inclined from the face. Any Indian would understand either one of these signs.

Then there are the abstract signs by which these savages can express their thoughts with regard to the Great Spirit, heaven, good, evil, life and death, sickness, health, riches and poverty. Life is expressed by drawing an imaginary thread from the mouth, and death by chopping this thread off. Another sign for death is to hold the tips of the fingers of one hand against the palm of the other, and let them gradually slip downward, and at last drop beneath the palm.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

FIRST INSTALLMENT.

In 1835 the people of Texas, or rather the settlers from the "States," determined to throw off the Mexican yoke, and resist to the last extremity any further encroachment upon their liberties. At that time, with the exception of Mexicans and Indians, there was probably not more than 20,000 people in the colonies, and although the Mexican government for several years previously had shown a disposition to ignore the rights and privileges guaranteed them under the Constitution of 1824, I hardly think the colonists with their limited means and numbers would have ventured to rebel against its authority, if they had not counted largely on getting all the aid they should need to carry out the revolution successfully, from their friends and brethren in the United States. In this expectation they were not disappointed. Many young men, from almost every State in the Union, armed and equipped at their own expense, hastened to the assistance of the colonists, as soon as the standard of rebellion was raised.

A volunteer company was organized for this purpose in my native village, and although I was scarcely old enough to bear arms, I resolved to join it. But it was no aspiration for "military fame" that induced me to do so. One of the frequent visitors at my father's house was an old friend of his, who had been in Texas and traveled over a considerable portion of it, and who subsequently held a position in the cabinet of the first president. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the country, and insensibly an ardent longing sprang up in my bosom to see for myself the broad prairies, the beautiful streams and vast herds of buffalo and wild horses of which he had so often given me glowing descriptions. By joining this company I thought an opportunity would be afforded me of gratifying it which perhaps would never again offer itself, and so, in spite of the opposition of relatives and friends, my name was added to the muster roll.

I purchased a good Kentucky rifle (with the use of which I was already well acquainted), shot pouch, powder horn, tomahawk, and butcher knife, and thus equipped, with my knapsack on my shoulders I fell into ranks, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the cheering of bystanders I bid adieu to my native village and started for the "promised land" of Texas.

It was the latter part of November when we left B—, and though not very cold, the snow was some three or four inches deep on the ground, which retarded our march so much that we only made about twenty miles by sunset, when we halted for the night in a grove near the margin of a stream that empties into the famous "Salt River." We cleared away the snow from under the trees, built up log heaps for fires, and after eating our supper of hot coffee, hard tack and fried middling, for which our tramp had given us excellent appetites, we spread our blankets upon the fallen leaves and turned in for the night.

The next morning we were on the road by sunrise, and about dusk, after a toilsome and fatiguing march through the slush and mud (for a thaw had set in) we reached the city of Louisville and took up our quarters at the Galt House. The next day we purchased a supply of provisions —enough to last us for the voyage—and went on board of a steamer bound for New Orleans.

Nothing worthy of note occurred on the passage. Occasionally, by way of varying the monotony of our daily life, we would go ashore when the boat landed for wood or freight, and get up an impromptu "shooting match," in which the skill of our Kentucky riflemen was exhibited, greatly to the amusement of the "natives." It was no unusual thing for many of them to put three balls out of five, at the distance of 100 yards, into a paper not larger than a silver dollar.

The second day of the voyage we left the snow and ice behind us, and on the fourth we came to the region of "Spanish moss." The trees on both banks of the river were draped in its long funereal folds, which waving slowly back and forth in the breeze, was too suggestive of any but cheerful thoughts. The next day we came to the "coast," a strip of country socalled, extending along the river for more than a hundred miles above the city of New Orleans. It is protected from

overflow (though not entirely) by what are termed "levees," or embankments, thrown up on each side of the river, a few paces back from the margin, but these are sometimes broken in very high stages of water. The river was unusually full at the time we passed, and in one place we noticed where the water had made a breach in the embankment more than a hundred feet in width, through which it was rushing with the velocity of a mill race, and had already inundated the coast country on that side as far as eye could extend.

From the time we struck the "coast" we experienced no more cold wather. Everywhere the forests were still green, and the orange and pomegranate were bending down with the weight of their ripened fruit. Here, too, we first observed extensive fields of cotton and sugar cane, in the former of which gangs of negroes were seen, bearing huge baskets filled with the "snowy fleece" upon their woolly heads.

The fifth day we reached New Orleans, fortunately just in time to secure a passage on a schooner that was to sail the next day for Velasco, a small port at the mouth of the Brazos river. The following day, before the schooner was ready to sail I had an opportunity to see the city, of which I was glad to avail myself. The great number of vessels moored in a long line to the wharves, the puffing of steam boats, the clatter of drays and carts, the noise and bustle of the levee, and the jargon of foreign tongues were all calculated to fill with astonishment the mind of a youth who had never before been beyond the precincts of his native village.

In the evening we embarked with all our goods and chattles on the schooner, and having made fast to a tow-boat, in company with two ships and a bark, we were soon under way, and bade farewell to the "Crescent City," and its forests of masts and tapering spires quickly faded away in the distance.

From New Orleans to the mouth of the Mississippi the scenery along the river is monotonous and dreary. Low swampy lands extended back in an unbroken level as far as we could see, in some places entirely covered with water and in others with a rank, luxuriant growth of reeds and course grass, among while cranes and many other aquatic birds, could be seen silently standing in rows, or stalking solemnly about in search of the reptiles with which these marshes abounded. Along the shores immense piles of drift wood were piled up, amongst which, and scarcely to be distinguished from the decayed logs composng them, the black sides of an alligator could now and then be seen, to be saluted whenever within range, a shower of bullets from our rifles.

The Mississippi empties into the gulf by three mouths and about ten o'clock the day after we had left New Orleans, we entered the one called the "Southern Pass," and an hour or so afterwards we had crossed the "bar" and were rolling and tosing upon the blue waves of the gulf of Mexico. The line was cast off from the tow-boat, sails hoisted and soon we were scudding along before a fair wind in the direction of the distant shores of Texas. For a long way out we noticed that the blue waters of the gulf refused to "fraternize" with the vast muddy stream continually pouring in from the mouths of the Mississippi.

In a few hour we lost sight of the low shore of Louisiana and nothing was to be seen but the sky and the apparently interminable waste of blue water. Our schooner was a small one, and with more than fifty passengers on board, it can easily be imagined we were packed too closely together for comfort. For my share of the sleeping accomodations, I appropriated a large coil of chain cable, in the hollow of which by doubling up after the fashion of a jack knife, I managed to snooze pretty comfortable at night.

The second day of our voyage about sunset, we observed a black cloud toward the north, which spreading rapidly soon obscured the whole heavens. Sails were hauled down and reefed, the hatches secured, and every precaution taken for the safety of the vessel in the approaching "norther"—one of those fierce winds that frequently occur during the winter season in the gulf of Mexico, as well as on the prairies of Texas. We had scarcely made "all snug" when the norther struck the schooner with unusual violence, carrying away our maintop mast, and forcing the vessel almose upon her beam ends. She soon righted however, and away we flew before the blast that whistled and shrieked through the cordage in a way not at all pleasant and enlivening to the ears of a landsman. In a little while the waves began to rise and the vessel to toss and pitch like an unbroken mustang, and feeling some of the premonitory symptoms of sea sickness such as a frantic effort to

throw up my boots, I retired to my coil of cable below; but the tossing of the schooner, the rushing of the waves along side and the tramping of sailors on deck effectually drove away sleep.

The next morning the storm had abated, the sun shone out clear and warm, and from that time until we reached Velasco we had no more bad weather. Whilst the storm lasted, a number of flying fish fell upon the deck of the schooner, which the sailors secured, and we found them to be an agreeable addition to our ordinary fare of sea biscuit and "salt junk." They are a delicate little fish, from six to eight inches in length with two long fins resembling wings projecting from the upper portion of the body. When chased by the dolphin or other large fish, they may be seen rising in schools from the tops of the waves, and flying forty or fifty yards in the direction of the wind; then dipping again into the crests of the billows, from which they quickly rise for another flight, should their enemies still continue to pursue them. Their flight rarely exceeds forty or fifty yards, for the reason that their fins cannot serve the purpose of wings unless frequently moistened by contact with the water.

On the morning of the seventh day after leaving Southwest Pass, the shores of Texas were dimly discernable from the masthead, looking like a long low cloud on the western horizon. The wind was "dead ahead" and we were nearly the whole day beating up within sight of the beach and the few miserable little shanties that then constituted the city of Velasco. Finding it was impossible to cross the bar with the wind ahead, we cast anchor in the roadstead, hoping it would be more favorable the next day. But the next morning it was from the same quarter, and tired out with our confinement on board of the vessel a dozen of us manned the long boat, resolved to make a landing in spite of "wind and weather." But in this we "reckoned without our host," for we missed the channel, got into the breakers which came very near swamping our boat, and we were glad to make our escape from them back to the schooner again. Two years subsequently I saw a boat capsize amongst those same breakers, and although in full view of many people on shore, every one on board of her was drowned before any assistance could be given them.

Not long after our return to the schooner, to our great joy the wind hauled around to the east, which enabled us to cross the bar, and soon we were safely anchored in the mouth of the Brazos river. The country in the immediate vicinity of Velasco is low, and back of it is a dead level prairie extending as far as the eye could reach; consequently I must confess I was not much pleased with the first view of the "promised land". Velasco was a miserable little village consisting of two stores and a hotel, so called, and five or six grog shops, dignified by the name of "saloons." Opposite to it, on the south bank of the river was a rival city of Quintana, containing about the same number of shanties and a mixed population of Yankees, Mexicans and Indians.

We landed upon the Quintana side and pitched our camp upon the beach, adjoining camps of several other companies that had arrived a few days previously. Here we remained two weeks or more, and as we were liberally supplied with rations by the patriotic firm of McKinney & Williams, and game and fish were to be had in abundance, we "fared sumptuously" every day. In hunting and fishing, making tents, cleaning our guns, and preparing in other ways for our anticipated campaigns, our time passed pleasantly enough.

While at this place our company was formally mustered into service of the embryo Republic of Texas. It was left optional with us to enlist for twelve months or for "during the war," and we unanimously chose the latter upon the principle of "in for a penny, in for a pound," or as Davy Crockett would have said, we resolved to "go the whole hog or none."

One day while we were encamped at Quintana we had quite an exciting scene, which bade fare for a time to initiate us into the realities of actual warfare. Two vessels were seen in the offing, one of them evidently in hot pursuit of the other. As soon as they had approached near enough to be distinctly seen through a glass, it was asserted by several who claimed to know, that the smaller vessel was the Invincible, a schooner recently purchased by Texas, and the larger one in pursuit was the Bravo, a noted Mexican privateer. In this opinion we were confirmed, as a sharp cannonading began bgan between the two vessels. Our company was at once ordered on board a small steamer lying in the mouth of the Brazos, with instructions to hasten to the

assistance of the Invincible with as little delay as possible. We quickly got up steam and notwithstanding the violence of the breakers on the bar, which on two occasions broke entirely over our little steamer, we were soon alongside of the foremost vessel, which proved to be as we had supposed, the Texas schooner, Invincible. By this time the other vessel had approached near enough to be recognized as the Brutus, lately purchased also for the Texas navy, and after the interchange of some signals the firing ceased. Each vessel, it seems, had mistaken the other for the Bravo, and hence the pursuit of the Brutus, and the attempt of the Invincible to escape, as she had only a sailing crew on board; and we were compelled to return to camp without having had an opportunity of "flashing our maiden swords."

A few days afterwards, our company was ordered to take up our quarters on board the Invincible, to serve as a kind of marine corps for her protection until a regular crew could be enlisted. Whilst on board of her, in the hope of meeting the Bravo, we took a cruise along the coast as far as the east end of Galveston island. Here an incident occurred, which as being indicative of the great changes which I write, may be worth mentioning. We were lying at anchor off the point of the island, and as we were running short of wood and water, a boat was sent ashore for a supply. The former could be had in any quanity along the beach, and the latter, though slightly brackish, by digging shallow wells at the base of the sand hills. When the boat was ready to return it was found that one of the crew, who had wandered off from the well whilst the others were filling the casks, was missing. Search was made for him, but he was nowhere to be seen, and as there was every appearance of a "norther" coming up, the officer in command of the boat thought it most prudent to hasten back to the vessel, leaving the missing man on the island. In a few minutes after the boat reached the vessel the norther struck us, and we were compelled to hoist anchor and run before it.

Three days elapsed in beating back to our anchorage, and a boat was immediately sent ashore with a crew of half a dozen men, to look for our lost comrade. At length he was found, five or six miles below the place where he had been left,

After an unsuccessful cruise in search of the Bravo, we returned to Quintana, and pitched our tents again upon our old camping ground. (Continued Next Month)

Wm. E. Hawks Writes.

Wm. E. Hawks, the acknowledged "Historian of the Plains," owner of the Two Bar Seseny Tepee Ranch, Bennington, Vermont, sends us a detailed list of trail herds which went through Caldwell, Kansas, in 1871, 1872 and 1873, which we will publish in a future issue of Frontier Times. Mr. Hawks says:

"Every number of your magazine is equal to the one ahead of it, or better, and contains many things which anyone acquainted with the old West can cross up trails with. Once in a great while there is some little detail which does not agree with my data and I will send you my data for your approval and prehaps we can straighten the matter out as this magazine is supposed to be absolutely true. One instance was in the March number which told of a bill of sale of some horses which Billy the Kid sold in Tascosa in 1873. According to the best facts obtainable, Billy the Kid was born in 1859 and also there was no Tascosa in 1873, it being nothing but Indians and buffalos in that portion of the Panhandle. The cowmen did not come into the Panhandle until three or four years later and when Tascosa was named about that time. There had been a few Mexican families living on the Canadian at the place that was afterwards called Tascosa. Billy the Kid spent part of the winter of 1878 and 1879 around Tascosa. He with several of his pals brought in a bunch of horses from over in the Pecos River country in New Mexico and sold them out to the ranchmen around Tascosa.

"Henry Brown, Fred Wayt and Johnnie Middleton did not go back into New Mexico with the Kid, but went down into the Indian nation. Henry Brown secured a job as marshall of Caldwell Kansas, but could not reform from his old ways and he took Ben Wheeler, his deputy, and another boy over and robbed the bank in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, where he was killed and his partners hung about 1884. Charlie Siringo, an old ex-cowboy from the Panhandle who had got well acquainted with the Kid and his bunch while they were around Tascosa the winter of 1878 and 1879, recognized Henry Brown while he was acting as constable of Caldwell, but did not give him away as he thought that Brown had reformed."

FRONTIER TIMES

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BY J. MARVIN HUNTER

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The Old Time Trail Drivers Association will hold their annual reunion at San Antonio November 6, 7 and 8. The gathering this year promises to be larger than ever, and President George W. Saunders has arranged a great program for the entertainment of the old time cow boys who went up the trail with cattle to the northern markets in the early days. The reunion will last three days—two days of frolic and fun and one day business session. A great movement now under way to raise funds for the purpose of building a monument to the old trail men. Every man who worked with cattle on the ranges or on the trail in the early days is eligible to membership in the Association, as well as wives and the sons of trail drivers. The dues are only one dollar a year. At the reunion this year will be quite a number of men who spent years in captivity among the Indians among them Jeff Smith of San Antonio and Frank M. Buckelew of Bandera. Herman Lehmann, another ex-captive now living in Oklahoma, may attend. These men will relate their experiences among the Indians, which in itself, will be an interesting feature of the big gathering.

In this number of Frontier Times we begin publication of a thrilling serial, "The Adventures of Jack Dobell," taken from a book written by J. C. Duval and published in 1892 under the title of "Early Times in Texas.". Every school boy and girl will find this a most interesting story, for it deals with the adventures of a young man who escaped from the massacre at Goliad and tells of his wanderings in the wilderness of Texas, his encounters with wild beasts, Mexicans and miraculous escapes from Indians.

The story will be continued through several issues of Frontier Times. Be sure to read the first installment.

Frontier Times is pleased to announce that a larger and faster press has been purchased for our printing plant, and the next number will be issued from our own building in Bandera.

Afew years ago Frank M. Buckelew of Bandera, published a book recounting his experience as an Indian captive. Only a limited edition of the book was printed, and the demand has been such that Mr. Buckelew has decided to publish a revised and larger edition of the book. It will be issued from this office within a short time. Watch for announcement.

Within a short time we will publish a thrilling story of the Mier Expedition, as given by John Rufus Alexander, who was one of the Texans who escaped from the Mexicans and made his way back to Texas This story will fill sixteen full pages of Frontier Times, and is a thriller from start to finish.

Statement of Ownership,.. Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

Of the Frontier Times published monthly at Bandera, Texas, for October, 1924.

State of Texas.
County of Bandera.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Marvin Hunter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the Frontier Times, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, is J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

2. That the Owner is: J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera Texas.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages are: None.

J. MARVIN HUNTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1924.

W. S. ETHRIDGE.

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